THE CONVICT SHIP

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MRS. M. S. PEACE,

NEWFOUNDLAND.

GREENOCK:
ROBERT A. BAIRD.

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The copies of this little work will chiefly, it is believed, circulate among the friends of the Authoress; it was therefore thought better by those who collated its pages to retain in every case her own thoughts in the very words she had chosen to clothe them with, than to attempt to give a stronger artistic effect by the use of language less homely than she had herself employed.

GREENOCK.

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POEMS.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

SUGGESTED BY THE TALE OF THE "NEGLECTED CHILD," IN CHAMBERS' JOURNAL, FOR OCTOBER 26, 1844.

I.

On the broad bosom of the mighty flood
Which wafts the wealth of nations to our shores [1]
A vessel swiftly glides, though deeply lade
With sin and misery, with guilt and woe,
And all the passions fierce which blacken man below.

II.

"A Convict Ship!" no pleasing freight is hers,
But gloom and wretchedness beyond compare;
And He, who the heart's secrets only knows,
Can tell the depth of anguish and despair
Which each dark bosom owns, and which to him is bare.

III.

Here, the old hardened wretch grown grey in sin ;
And there, the youth of wild and desperate breast,
Whose short, yet mad career, has whelmed him in
A gulf of anguish, sorrow and distress—
A deep, dark, shoreless, wild and fathomless abyss.

IV.

There hardened guilt sneers those less seared to scorn
Or, impious, boasts of crimes how great his lore ;
And *here*, yes, even *here*, you may discern
The tears of deep repentance, streaming o'er
Cheeks that were never, never wet with tears before.

V.

Known unto every breast is its own ill—
To every brow the weight of its own woe ;
And they who brave it most, but keenest feel
The fiery pangs, the deep though smother'd glow
Which burns the bosom's core before the world can know.

VI.

The countenance mild, calm as a sleeping sea,
Unruffled by the ripple of a wave,
Oft owns a brain whirled to insanity ;
A bosom darker, drearier than the grave ;
A heart where pride, wrath, scorn, and all fierce passions rave.

VII.

The bravest, boldest, noblest of our race
Are oft the veriest hypocrites at best.
The world sees all things with an angel's face;
While the dark chaos of the tortured breast
Were frenzy, fury, death, and madness, if confessed.

VIII.

A storm is raging in each bosom dark,
More terrible than ocean's fiercest foam;
Oh! what a cargo has that gallant bark!
Yet see her coursing swiftly, proudly on
From the fast-lessening shore, through ocean's realms to roam.

IX.

Oh ye who watch her in her swift career—
Her white sails swelling to the freshening wind—
And hear her sailors' hurried, hearty cheer,
Say is not she a proud and lovely thing?
Yes! she is fair, but false as any child of sin.

X.

Proudly she walks the waves; on either side
The white spray dashes from her gallant prow.
Oh! who could gaze upon her in her pride,
And think her lade with agony and woe,
Too deep for tongue to tell, too dark for pen to shew.

XI.

Such, too, is man ; majestic, godlike man ;
E'en like that vessel, false as beautiful ;
A world admires oft when the heart within,
Where the dark spirit works, burns like a hell,
And fame's loud trumpet peals the ranks of death to swell.

XII.

On, on she hastes ! her stretching canvass woos,
With open arms, the free and fav'ring gale ;
The friendly breeze not grudgingly bestows
Its aid, but liberal swells each snowy sail,
And the proud waves with joy their lovely burden hail.

XIII.

On, on she hastes ! fast following in her rear
A little boat ; behold, with rapid oar
She cleaves the parting waters, which in tears
Bright sparkling fall, and silent as before
Sink in the deep blue breast of ocean calm once more.

XIV.

On, on she hastes ; and swifter than before
That little boat flies o'er the sparkling main—
No rest her rowers know ; the dripping oar
Is dashed with fury in the wave again,
Their eyes are on the bark, and every nerve is strained.

XV.

And who are they within that tiny boat,
Whose hurried, heaving bosoms pant and swell
With ardent eagerness ? they tarry not,
But rush with wild rapidity to hail
That lovely bark ; alas that false, that floating hell.

XVI.

Four souls in all they are ; the first, a man
Whose furrowed brow proclaims no life of ease,
Who, reared 'neath stern adversity's rough hand,
Has never striven the Goddess blind to please,
But toiled contented on through calm or stormy seas.

XVII.

His jetty locks have lost their youthful hue,
And sombre gray assumes its silent reign—
His well-built shoulders slightly bent still show
The Herculean strength which yet remains,
Though youth's wild fire hath long since fled his circling veins.

XVIII.

The second is a youth of noble port
And gallant bearing, all unlike his sire ;
For calm, contented labour marks him not
Her own meek votary ; the wild desire
Of glory thrills his breast, and fills his eye with fire.

XIX.

Misfortune's withering frown he oft has felt,
But never bent beneath it; he is young,
And while his heart at misery's tale could melt,
And pity's drops from those dark orbs be wrung,
His spirit soared aloft with hope and ardour strung.

XX.

How like, and how unlike, that sire and son,
How like in features, how unlike in mind;
The eye, the tell-tale of the soul within,
From the sire beams contented, calm, resigned:
The other is all fire, all, something undefined.

XXI.

These ply the oar with all the strength and skill
That youth and long experience can lend;
Which, when together joined in mind and will,
Makes even the deep subservient to their ends,
Turns war's wild rage to peace, and deadliest foes to friends.

XXII.

The third a female form, as marble pale,
Mute, motionless, with settled fixed distress,
Her features fine, shrouded in sorrow's veil;
The fourth, her infant, cradled at her breast,
Unconsciously receives the mother's fond caress.

XXIII.

In silent woe she sits ; her large dark eyes,
Which breathe the very soul of tenderness,
Are fixed with wild unalterable gaze
Which beggars power of language to express,
On that swift bark, whose speed but mocks her wretchedness.

XXIV.

The unconscious infant smiling 'mid the cloud
Which shrouds the mother's breast in dark despair,
Enwreaths its little fairy fingers, proud
To weave them in those locks of ra en hair,
Which, careless floating, flow across her bosom bare.

XXV.

Her raven tresses ! ah ! I do forget,
Yet once they proudly mocked the raven's wing ;
Now they have changed their hue from glossy jet
To withering gray—yes, even in life's spring
These locks are changed—but ah ! more changed the heart within.

XXVI.

'Tis sad to see the youthful locks grow gray
Ere youth's brief reign has passed—to mark the sear
And yellow leaf—the withering cold decay
Assail them in the summer of their years,
And change to bitterness the fountain of their tears.

XXVII.

There are in this dark world bleak, barren hearts,
Hard as the rocks which bound our native shore ; [2]
Cold as the empire of the frozen north,
Relentless as the booming waves which roar
Above the shattered wreck, and whelm the seaman o'er.

XXVIII.

Yes, such are they, the stern, the rigid few,
Whose blasting mildew blights each bud of hope,
But virtue never owned the chilly crew ;
Her pure breast spurns the pharisaical cloak
And would-be saintly garb which all religion mock.

XXIX.

See yonder cold and frigid moralist stand,
His brain is ice-bound, and his leaden eye,
Without a single ray of feeling bland,
Would freeze to stone the tears of sympathy,
If chance he ever caught them 'neath your eyelids stray.

XXX.

The milk of human kindness seems congealed
Within his breast, (if it flowed ever there),
His heart is harder than the veriest steel,
His voice falls harsh and grating on the ear,
He speaks and human souls shrink with disgust and fear.

XXXI.

Oh! how I hate these pharisaical minds,
Severely virtuous and severely wise,
Who have no sympathy with human kind,
Who are unfit for either earth or skies—
Such always seem to me like Satan in disguise.

XXXII.

But there are some cast in far different mould;
Some born to feel, too oft deep grief to prove,
Whose bosoms beat not calm, serene and cold,
But glow with feeling, tenderness, and love—
The dearest, holiest boons, best gifts of Heaven above.

XXXIII.

Oh, what were earth? a wilderness of woe,
Did not such spirits light the dreary path;
The cold and selfish crowd would onward go
Oppressing, blasting, grasping all beneath;
The good would sink unwept beneath the wave of death.

XXXIV.

The dreariest desert in Arabia's land
Has some green spot, amid its barren waste;
The rudest savage, of most savage band,
Is nature's child, and his untutored breast
Oft owns the noblest feelings, hidden, unconfessed.

XXXV.

And earth among her fallen, degenerate sons,
Has some bright souls—some pure and heavenly minds,
Whom blue-eyed virtue blushes not to own
For virtue's children, they whose breasts refined,
With pity's floods o'erflow, and feel for all mankind.

XXXVI.

And such was she who sat in speechless grief,
And gazed her inmost soul through those dark orbs,
Nor felt one single ray of sweet relief
Return to ease that breast, whose every throb
Of anguish deep appears her heart of life to rob.

XXXVII.

Oh! hard has been thy fate, mute sufferer!
Hard as the rocky hearts which gave thee birth;
Whose cold neglect has stung thee to the core
In childhood's sunny years, changing its mirth
To tears, and made to thee a wilderness of earth.

XXXVIII.

Ye parents—all unworthy of the name;
Ye fell destroyers of immortal minds;
Ye lost to honour, feeling, sense and shame,
To beauty, virtue, talents, genius blind,
What ruin have ye wrought among mankind!

XXXIX.

What has your wretched favouritism achieved,
Your cruel, cold neglect, beyond compare ;
How often have ye nursed the worthless weed,
And lavish'd on it e'en superfluous care,
Yet left, to die neglected, heaven's own blossom fair.

XL.

Such were the parents to whose fostering care,
An all-wise God consigned the important charge
Of an immortal spirit, young and fair,
Called in an adverse hour to life's rude stage,
A tender, fragile flower, to bear its wintry rage.

XLI.

Mysterious wonder-working Providence!
Almighty power, before whose piercing eye
Eternity unveils its mysteries,
'Tis not for feeble fallen man to try,
By his benighted reason, Heaven's own purpose high.

XLII.

'Tis not for me, the creature of a day,
The guilty child of an apostate race,
To ask high Heaven why monsters such as they
Whom I have noticed, fill the sacred place
Of parents, for whom Nature blushing hides her face.

XLIII.

That rests with God alone; with me remains
To tell the simple tale I have begun;
And when the hand is cold which pens these lines,
And Time's swift glass my sand of life hath run,
This tale of truth may reach the heart of such an one.

XLIV.

To paint her childhood's griefs, I shall not try;
They have been drawn by a more faithful hand, [3]
But pass those years of early sorrow by,
The change which passed across her youthful mind [4]
And to her own sad breast its bitterness confined.

XLV.

Though slighted, scorned, neglected, and oppressed,
Young Margaret bloomed a fair and lovely flower
As lily opening 'mid a desert waste,
Or snowdrop bending 'neath the sleety shower,
More beautiful appears when tempests o'er them lower.

XLVI.

Even so she bloomed amid the wintry sky,
The uncongenial soil, the withering frown;
Intelligence beamed from her dark bright eye,
And feeling deep o'er each pale feature shone,
While dove-eyed pity claimed her beautiful, her own.

XLVII.

Love too was hers—warm, pure, and holy love ;
Warm as the fervid heart from whence it sprung,
Pure as the sacred lamps of Heaven above,
Regardless of the world, or the world's frown.
'Twas love floods could not quench, nor many waters drown.

XLVIII.

She loved, and oh, she was beloved again,
With love as pure, as ardent as her own.
One had known guilt, but both had drunk of pain,
And each had to the other all become;
Earth's desert held for each one light, and only one.

XLIX.

They loved, and oh ye bloodless hearts of stone !
I make not my appeal to you ; for ye
Have never known of love, except by name,
Ye fishy children of a chilly sea,
From whose chill shivering breasts Earth's meanest serf would flee.

L.

Go on ! pursue your cold unvaried path
With grasping avarice swell your blo·ed store,
Then sink inglorious 'neath the wave of death ;
No child of misery shall your loss deplore,
No orphan's grateful tears o'er your dark grave be poured.

LI.

Love was the essence of her gentle soul,
But cold neglect within her breast had sealed
The immortal flame, which now beyond controul
Burst forth, and one broad living blaze revealed,
The deep, deep, hallowed fires, her breast so long concealed ![5]

LII.

His was a spirit noble as her own,
A warm enraptured soul of love and joy;
He entered on the world, nor felt its frown;
Softly she smiled upon the ardent boy,
With pleasures ever new, which smile but to destroy.

LIII.

Deeply he drank the intoxicating draught
Of pleasure's cup, of folly's maddening bowl,
Believed her heart with every grace was fraught;
And while her silvery accents o'er him stole,
With frenzied joy he clasped the syren to his soul.

LIV.

But oh! too soon she broke the enchanting spell,
Nor long he revelled in her beamy light;
Too soon she threw aside her silvery veil,
Disclosing to his all astonished sight
Such features, gracious heaven, his soul shrunk with affright.

LV.

Not even Mokanna's bride could tremble more, [6]
When from his brow the demon prophet raised
The veil, which Hell's own features shrouded o'er,
And his poor lost, distracted victim gazed
On sight more dread than ever mortal pencil blazed.

LVI.

Like her he stood aghast; like her he sunk
O'erwhelmed with wretchedness and dark despair;
Like her his proud though trembling spirit shrunk
From the black picture which was opened there,
Where fancy pictured all bright, beautiful, and fair.

LVII.

Children of pity, soft and gentle maid,
(Twin sister, she of love the bright-eyed boy,)
Whose souls, unchanged by fortune's sun or shade,
Still for the wretched heave compassion's sigh,
View pleasure's victim here, and lend your sympathy.

LVIII.

There may be some who upon ocean's breast
Have proudly sailed, and felt the silent scene
Steal o'er their souls, and lull each fear to rest,
While all above, beneath, around, serene,
Seemed the enchanting spell of some delightful dream.

LIX.

Mute is each wave—the glorious orb of day
Pours down a stream of rich, refulgent light—
Ocean's blue breast receives the living ray,
And backward gleams on the enraptured sight
Such heavenly hues as shame the cheek of beauty bright.

LX.

But soon, ah, soon the lovely scene is o'er,
A change has sudden passed across the sky;
Ocean reflects its gorgeous hues no more;
Convulsed with dread, already hear it sigh,
While the blue livid lightning glares from heaven high.

LXI.

Mute and amazed the late gay party stand
Alive to danger, yet no safety nigh;
The tempest raves,—their boat is far from land,
The thunder echoes through the vaulted sky,
While terror and dismay gleam from each streaming eye.

LXII.

Even so he gazed upon the dread abyss
Which yawned below the precipice's edge
On which he stood; he felt the hollowness
Of all her promised joys, and reason urged
His flight, yet still he stood, still trembled on the verge.

LXIII.

Alone he stood, upon that dizzying brink,
Without a friend his trembling steps to guide;
Pride whispered 'twould be cowardly to shrink:
No! I will brave it all, he wildly cried,
Then with one bound, he plunged in guilt's o'erwhelming tide.

LXIV.

Rash, fatal plunge! alas, beyond recal;
What hand shall lead him now to virtue's shore?
Calm reason's voice is drowned amid the swell
Of passion's 'wildering waves which fiercely roar
Around his trembling soul, and whelms their victim o'er.

LXV.

The darkest hour is ever before day,
The sweetest calm succeeds the tempest wild:
So love stoops down to light the lost one's way
With his soul cheering beacon pure and mild;
Sure heaven hath not forgot its dear, though wayward child!

LXVI.

Hail, mighty Love! to whose all potent spell,
Creation's lords in meek submission bow;
Thy smile is heaven, but oh! thy frown is hell.
Down Time's swift stream, thy countless votaries go,
Elate with rapturous joy, or paralysed with woe.

LXVII.

Thy heavenly voice dispelled the awful gloom,
The midnight darkness of his trembling soul;
It whispered peace and happiness to come,
Far, far from sinful pleasures' wild control,
Where pride might ne'er intrude, nor guilt's hoarse waters roll.

LXVIII.

Soft o'er his weary, anguish-laden soul,
O'erwhelmed with sorrow, and with guilt oppressed,
Those heavenly sounds of peace and comfort stole,
And hush'd each dark foreboding fear to rest
In the deep sanctuary of that one faithful breast.

LXIX.

Thus the poor mariner, who long has braved
The angry billows of the heaving deep,
Whose only music was the booming wave,
Which sings the sailor to his last long sleep,
Or o'er his lonely grave in sullen silence sweeps.

LXX.

Weary, and tempest-tossed, with what delight,
His eye beholds his dear, his native shore,
Albion's white cliffs burst on his gladdened sight,
With beauties all unknown, unfelt before,
"It is," he inly cries, "my own loved home once more."

LXXI.

And now 'tis gained; let fancy paint the scene;
A Rushton's pen has sketched the sailor's home; [7]
The husband, father, friend, returned again.
List to each little prattler's soul-felt tone,
Hailing with thrilling joy the well-beloved one.

LXXII.

See the proud tar among his children stand;
The prouder wife, with bosom swelling high,
Beholds him once more safe on solid land,
And upward turns her moist and streaming eye
In gratitude to him who rules earth, sea and sky.

LXXIII.

Oh blissful scene; oh happy, happy pair,
What joys are yours, what rapture all your own;
Can splendid royalty with such compare?
How poor the crown, the sceptre, and the throne
Compared with bliss like this, by toil and peril won.

LXXIV.

A knock is heard; the mother turns to greet
Some friend or shipmate of her husband dear.
O Heaven! what dreadful spectre doth she meet?
Backward she staggers, sinks o'ercome with fear,
Then shrieks "the Press! O fly!" but ah, they are too near.

LXXV.

Alas! 'tis ever thus, if e'er the cup
Of joy is placed in mortal hands below,
Scarce can he raise it to his trembling lip,
And think to drain its sweet contents, when, lo!
'Tis shivered from his grasp, and he felled prostrate with the blow.

LXXVI.

Such is the flickering, dark uncertainty
Of every earth-born joy, however fair;
Such too thy fate, poor child of destiny,
So fell thy hopes, so rose thy deep despair,
All hope of peace on earth was quenched for ever there.

LXXVII.

For thou hast sinned, and stern-eyed justice sits;
Even now they drag thee to the prison cell.
O! who shall cheer thy Margaret's lonely heart?
Though doomed from infancy with grief to dwell,
She feels this last dread pang, ah! doubly terrible.

LXXVIII.

Oh! *that* one fatal crime, that one rash act,
With man, thy penitence hath not atoned;
For thou on earth must bear the punishment
An earthly judge assigns to thee, and roam
An outcast exiled wanderer from thy native home.

LXXIX.

Oh! what were that to thee, wert thou alone
To be the sufferer? thou couldest well have borne
The stern decree which drives thee from thy home.
But there is one from whom thou must be torn,
One thou must leave behind, poor, friendless, and forlorn.

LXXX.

'Tis this that wrings from thy crushed soul the cry,
The awful cry, "'tis more than I can bear." [8]
'Tis this which lifts thy suppliant voice on high
To Him who will not scorn the burning tear,
The agonizing prayer for one so justly dear.

LXXXI.

Once did'st thou fondly hope till death to prove
Her friend, her guardian; ah! more truly dear,
The first, the fondest, and the only loved,
To soothe each sorrow, calm each anxious fear,
And with affection's hand, to wipe each falling tear.

LXXXII.

These hopes are gone, no more to be recalled—
The dream is o'er, the dear delusion fled;
All, all lie shivered like a great oak felled,
Or a strong giant numbered with the dead,
Mixed with his kindred earth, and in dishonour laid.

LXXXIII.

Oh, for an hour of silent solitude
To ease the sorrow of thy bursting heart ;
Where none might on thy misery intrude,
But where retired from mortal eye apart
Thy tears might freely flow, their only witness God !

LXXXIV.

Oh, for some silent lone sequestered glen,
Where thou couldst flee in sorrow's evil hour,
Far distant from the noisy haunts of men,
Where thou couldst vent unheard by human ear
The anguish of thy soul, thy bosom's dark despair.

LXXXV.

That even is denied to thee, and thou
Must herd with those thy inmost soul abhors ;
Wretches who lift to Heaven their blood-stained brow,
And jeer, with horrid laugh and accents hoarse,
At each less-hardened sinner's sorrow or remorse.

LXXXVI.

The last dread parting's o'er ; but ah ! I know
'Tis not for me to paint the wild distress
Of that heart-rending spectacle of woe ;
That hour of deep unmingled bitterness
The mind may fancy, but no language can express.

LXXXVII.

But now 'tis o'er; and thy o'erladen soul
Is sunk in the deep calmness of despair.
"O God, protect her when the billows roll
Of deep affliction," is thy silent prayer;
"On me descend the blow, but, Lord, her spirit spare."

LXXXVIII.

"Protect our helpless babe, the guiltless heir
Of all his parents' wretchedness below;
Friend of the friendless, make his soul thy care;
God of the orphan, let him never know
His father's agony, his mother's depth of woe."

LXXXIX.

I go, regardless whither, life or death
Are all alike to me; nor need I care
Unto what corner of this barren earth
They drag me; I have nerved my soul to bear
The maddening hour; 'tis past, all now is black despair.

XC.

Now turn to that with which my tale begins—
A Convict Ship; with it my tale must close
That beautiful receptacle of sin
Onward in triumph and in glory goes
O'er the blue, curling waves, now hushed in calm repose.

XCI.

Not so the little boat, which long has striven
To gain that stately vessel, but in vain ;
She, swift as yon winged messenger of Heaven,
Careers majestic o'er the watery plain,
And proud as beauty's queen treading her own domain.

XCII.

Far, far behind her see the tiny boat,
Faint, yet pursuing, still she struggles on ;
Pale, statue-like, the beauteous mourner sits,
The boatmen exchange glances, but that groan
Wrung from their honest breasts tells her all hope is gone.

XCIII.

" It is enough ; Oh God," she inly cries,
" Now welcome death ; but thou, my infant dear,
No friend hast thou beneath yon azure skies ;
Sweet, hapless babe, on whose pale cheeks the tears
Of both thy parents mingled, can I leave thee here ?"

XCIV.

She gazed upon her infant, then again
On the fast flying barque, now dimly seen ;
That gaze was madness, for her burning brain
Had whirled to frenzy, and with one wild scream,
Clasping her babe, she plunged in the deceitful stream.

XCV.

The blue waves parted, and the splashing sound
Struck awful on the silent ear of eve—
Then all was still, a silence as profound
As that which rests above the weary's grave
Swept o'er their heads who sleep beneath the rolling wave.

XCVI.

Peace, peace be with her soul; her griefs are o'er,
No more her breast by dark despair is riven;
Her hopes, her fears, and sorrows are no more.
If she hath erred, surely she is forgiven;
Her sin was love, and love approaches nearest Heaven.

XCVII.

For thee, lone wanderer on the mighty deep,
A darker fate is thine; but didst thou know
How calm, how peacefully thy Margaret sleeps
Beneath the dark blue wave, where she lies low,
'Twould ease thine anguished heart of half its load of woe.

XCVIII.

Thou yet mayest hear in yon far distant land
How she despaired and died; thou too mayest hear
Death came untimely by her own rash hand,
And thou mayest weep for her; but misery's tears
Flow most from misery's sons, for those who linger here.

XCIX.

Farewell, unfortunate and faithful pair;
Farewell, sweet babe of sorrow; and farewell
Thou gallant vessel, beautiful and fair;
Farewell, dark ocean, I have loved thee well;
Farewell to your brave sons—to your lone dead, farewell.

C.

Farewell, ye generous boatmen; farewell, too,
Ye wretched parents, even for you I feel;
Cold and unfeeling though ye be, did you
But half your wretchedness and woe reveal,
We'd own of all you were the truly miserable.

NOTES.

[1.] "On the broad bosom of the mighty flood
Which wafts the wealth of nations to our shores."
—The River Thames.

[2.] "There are in this dark world bleak barren hearts,
Hard as the rocks which bound our native shore."
"There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Tornea's hoary brow."
Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."

[3.] "To paint her childhood's griefs I shall not try,
They have been drawn by a more faithful hand."
—Camilla Toulman, author of the "Neglected Child."

[4.] "The change which passed across her youthful mind
And to her own sad breast its bitterness confined."
"His soul was changed before his deeds had driven
Him forth to war with man and forfeit Heaven."
Byron's "Corsair."

[5.] "Burst forth, and one broad living blaze revealed
The deep, deep hallowed fires her heart had long concealed."
"The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins
Even as the simoon sweeps the blasted plain."
Byron.

[6.] "Not even Mokanna's bride could tremble more."
—See "Lalah Rookh," the "Veiled Prophet of Korassin."

[7.] "A Rushton's pen has sketched the sailor's home.
—See Rushton's "Will Clewlin."

[8.] "The awful cry, ''Tis more than I can bear.'"
"And Cain said unto the Lord my punishment is greater
than I can bear."
Genesis.

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

JAEL AND SISERA.

'Tis come, 'tis come, the day is come, the day so long foretold—
The proud oppressor of our land fleeing for life behold;
Where are the iron chariots now, the iron chariots strong?
And why, O why doth Sisera flee, why fleeth the great alone?

Where are his mighty warriors let Kishon's river tell—
Above their slaughtered carcases the dark blue waters swell;
They struggle in the foaming brine, they sink beneath the wave,
And he, their chieftain, flees alone to find a coward's grave.

The prophecy rings in my ear that 'neath a woman's hand
The God of Israel will subdue this tyrant of our land;
'Tis mine, I feel that task is mine, let Israel's daughter tell
'Tis Israel's arm shall raise the steel which strikes the oppressor's knell.

I hear the horrid clang of war from Kishon's troubled flood,
My soul is sickening at the thought of carnage and of blood ;
And must I mingle in the strife, and shall this trembling heart
Be nerved to dare a deed of blood, and act the patriot's part ?

But see, he comes near and more near, still terrible he seems,
While wildly, 'neath his darkened brow, his eyes red lightning gleams ;
O, Israel's strength, nerve thou this arm to strike the avenging blow—
The blow which ends a nation's woes, and lays a tyrant low.

So saying from the tent she sprung, and on the warrior came ;
But ah ! where are his glories now and triumphs of his name ?
Wildly he rolls his bloodshot eyes, what terror's in their glare ?
And pale that cheek with coward fear and haggard with despair.

Come in, come in, my lord, she cried, thou worn and weary one,
Fear not for me, no foe is here, thy handmaid is alone ;
Turn in and rest thy wearied limbs, not longer canst thou flee,
The foe is distant still, and thou art safe as heaven with me.

Low bowed the crested warrior ; but ah ! crest fallen indeed ;
Is this the haughty conqueror, the trampling of whose steed—
The rolling of whose chariot wheels—struck terror to the heart ?
Proud man, 'tis stern adversity proclaims thee as thou art.

'Tis not when triumph gilds the brow and flatterers fawn around,
Extolling us to heights of worth and virtue we've disdained—
But when misfortune from our brow the gaudy chaplet tears,
And leaves us only with our own, 'tis then the man appears.

'Tis that which tries the craven heart of boasting cowardice,
And tramples low in dust the plume of haughty arrogance;
Which makes the stern oppressor feel a stronger reigns than he,
And leaves unmasked, unveiled, the form of dark hypocrisy.

But 'tis its keen and searching blast which proves the sterling soul—
Calm in the hour of wildest woe and firm to virtue's pole;
As native beauty best appears in simplest habit drest,
So doth the noble spirit shine the brightest in distress.

Low bowed the humbled warrior, and, pale with terror, cried,
Lead on, lead on! I follow thee, haste, haste my gentle guide;
The battle's lost, the foe pursues, and I alone have fled,
For the host I led this morning forth are numbered with the dead.

Yon ancient river as it rolls is purpled with their gore,
And they have turned their backs to-day who never blenched before;
Not one of all the mighty host I led in warlike pride
Forth to that field of blood and death have 'scaped its awful tide.

Surely there was some mighty power which rode that field unseen,
Which nerved our foes to victory, and edged their weapons keen ;
For not by might of human arms those dauntless squadrons fell,
No, 'twas some power omnipotent, whether of heaven or hell.

I saw, I saw a female form amid that field of blood,
O, was it 'neath a woman's arm the Host of Sisera bow'd,
Prophetic words flowed from her lips, she sealed each soldier's doom,
And told a woman's hand should lay their leader in the tomb.

Still, still I hear those boding words, they are ringing in my ear,
But I have 'scaped that awful field and fled for safety here ;
There's peace between thy house and mine, from thee we've nought to fear ;
Then haste, lead on, my gentle guide, there's danger lingering here.

Yes, yes, my lord, I lead the way, now follow me, she said ;
Here rest thee, for a weary day of sorrow thou hast had ;
Sweet peace be thine, and sweeter sleep, calm tranquil mayest thou know,
Nor dream of battle or of flight, of danger or of woe.

Here is the mantle of thy friend—of Heber ; he who stands
In peaceful treaty with the king, and all his faithful bands—
Here rest thee 'neath its ample folds, I'll safely cover thee,
And Heber's mantle never was the cloak of treachery.

He laid him down that warrior chief, and sore distressed he seemed,
Although 'twas not from Jael's arm he aught of danger dreamed;
But Deborah's words rung in his ear with loud prophetic knell,
And the terrors of his guilty soul already raised a hell.

I cannot rest, he wildly said, the foe perhaps is near,
But thou art firm, and there are none shall e'er suspect me here;
But I am faint with parching thirst, and thou my life wouldst save,
Now let me from thy gentle hands a draught of water crave.

Water, my lord! thou shalt have milk; here, take and drink thy fill,
And rest in peace while thou art here, I'll be thy sentinel;
I doubt thee not my gentle friend, the trembling warrior said,
But add to gratitude's deep debt, and grant me farther aid.

The matron eyed him with a look which searched his coward heart
But a nation's fate hung on her arm—she felt and played her part;
Name it, my lord, thou art my guest, and freely may'st command
All that my slender means afford to calm thine anguished mind.

Here I shall rest, the warrior said, till darkness gathers round,
When I may with more safety flee far from these cursed bounds;
Till then could'st thou both guard thy tent and turn my foes astray,
Thou shalt have earned a high reward our king shall well repay.

She turned to hide the indignant glow which mantled in her face ;
Perhaps she also wiped a tear which gentler pity raised ;
Duty, my lord, she prompt replied, will bring its own reward ;
Had meaner motives stirred my heart I ne'er had been thy guard.

But thou art safe from all pursuit, no cause hast thou to fear,
More blood shall flow e'er friend or foe shall pass my threshold here :
Now rest thee, let me cover thee, and take a short repose
E'er thou resume thy toilsome flight from thy victorious foes.

The warrior felt the gentleness and force of her rebuke,
Nor raised his eyes again to dare her keen and searching look ;
Go, go, my generous friend, he said, and when the shades of night
Close round the earth, then wake thou me, I shall resume my flight.

She turned and left him to repose ; poor wretch, she inly said,
Had I thy strength of arm, the grave ere now had been thy bed ;
I grudge thee not thy short repose, the last which thou shalt know,
But only grieve that on my hearth thy coward blood must flow.

Long, long has Israel groaned beneath thy stern oppression's chains,
But they have been avenged this day on yonder bloody plains ;
And thou alone, base fugitive, hast 'scaped of all thy band—
But thou shalt die a coward's death beneath a woman's hand.

Yes, thou shalt die, and that thou knowest, for Israel's judge
hath spoke
Deep to thy coward heart, which reels already 'neath the stroke ;
Now do thou nerve this arm, O God, as thou hast stirred my soul
To vengeance for thy people's wrongs, thy chosen Israel.

Let me not stagger at the blow thy justice has decreed,
Nor tremble when beneath this arm I see the tyrant bleed ;
Let me avenge a nation's wrongs on his devoted head,
And send the shivering despot hence to join his slaughtered
dead.

But soft—he sleeps ; oh 'tis the sleep from which he ne'er must
wake ;
Scon of the dreamless slumber of the dead he shall partake ;
Now, tyrant, guard thy worthless life ; ha, little dost thou think
Thou'rt trembling on the verge of death, above its awful brink.

Now let me strike, the hour is come, O God, and must it be ?
Ah, wherefore was this dreadful deed of blood reserved for me ?
And must I strike him here unarmed, unfriended, and alone,
The last of all his warlike band, the only living one ?

O had he fallen amid that field of carnage and of death,
Or on his own red crusted sword, resigned his quivering breath ;
But thus to strike him as he sleeps in calm security,
Will it not brand me with the stain of darkest treachery ?

No, no, it shall not, for 'tis just, and Heaven hath so decreed ;
Now let me nerve my trembling heart to dare the awful deed ;
May Heaven have mercy on thy soul, she said, and struck the blow—
He groans, he bleeds, he faints, he dies—ah, where's the spirit now ?

RACHEL.

" And it came to pass as her soul was in departing, (for she died,) that she called his name *Benoni ;* but his father called him *Benjamin.*"—Genesis, xxxv. 18.

Child of my agony, son of my sorrow,
Born to a world of anguish and gloom ;
Ere thy young eyes greet the dawn of to-morrow,
Thy mother shall sink to her rest in the tomb.

Wail, my sweet babe! there is cause for thy weeping,
Death rocks the heart that would love thee to rest;
Soon in the dust shall thy mother be sleeping,
Ne'er shalt thou press thy young head to her breast.

Child of my sorrow! I leave thee, I leave thee,
The world is receding fast, fast from my view;
Farewell, my Benoni! pale death has bereaved thee,
My own, my beloved, my adored one, adieu.

Farewell! for I feel that my soul is departing,
My Joseph, my Jacob, but ah! thy loved name—
With a wild thrill of agony—tightens my heart-strings,
And yields unto thee what high Heaven should claim.

* * * * * *

She has passed, like a shade, from the breast that adored her,
From the heart which no time or affliction could change;
She is gone, and his eye may no longer behold her,
But the child of her love and her anguish remains.

And Israel bows by his Rachel's lone pillow,
And presses his babe to his desolate heart;
He feels he at once was the son of her sorrow,
And the pledge of her love ere her soul could depart.

My boy ! he exclaimed, dying pledge of my Rachel !
Thou wert to thy mother *Benoni* indeed ;
But to me thou art *Benjamin*, in thee my heart shall
Find rest when its wounds prob'd by memory shall bleed.

O Rachel ! how deeply, how dearly I loved thee ;
That love thy stern father by servitude proved ;
Yet twice seven years but a few days seemed to me,
And Heaven gave me strength when for Rachel I strove.

Thou art gone ; and high Heaven of thy love hath bereft me,
But thy last dying pledge I still press to my breast ;
In *Benjamin* something of Rachel's still left me,
Till our dust shall unite where earth's wanderers rest.

HAGAR.

She gazed upon him with a look of wildness and despair ;
A look which spoke the inmost heart, and told the struggle there ;
She stood a speechless monument of sad and silent grief
Too deep for tears ; that tortured heart can gain no such relief.

She clasped her boy unto her breast—that breast with anguish riven—
Then turned her deep, dark eyes toward the bright unclouded heaven ;
O God ! she cried in accents wild, but sorrow stopped her breath ;
It is the last embrace, my child ! thou'lt soon be cold in death.

She kissed his parched and burning lips, they cleave unto her own ;
A sigh escapes, the mother starts ; oh, has his spirit flown ?
She gazed, intensest agony was gleaming from her eye,
'Twill soon be o'er ; but oh, my child, I cannot see thee die.

She lays her boy upon the ground ; her maddening bosom heaves ;
With woe unutterable she turns, the dying one she leaves ;
She hurries on, she knows not where ; ah, wherefore does she fly—
She of all others—when the hour of death appears so nigh ?

At last she stops, o'erwhelmed in all the luxury of woe ;
For tears to her relief have come, and fast and free they flow ;
Where can that anguished mother turn, poor, friendless, and alone?
His father and his father's God have left her helpless son.

Once more her deep, dark eyes she turns to heaven's blue arch above ;
O thou, the God of Abraham, where is thy truth and love ?
Where is the promise gone which thou to Abraham hast made—
He shall a nation's children own because he is thy seed ?

Where is that God who saw my grief when by Lahairoi's well?
Who spoke a comfort to my soul which words are weak to tell,
A promise to my unborn babe, which cheered my sinking heart
Beneath oppression's iron pang and envy's cruel smart?

O has that God forgot his faith? forgot my dying son?
Forgot his gracious promise made while he was in the womb?
O God, his father's God, look down; 'neath yonder tree he lies,
Forsaken, helpless, and alone; he dies, my child, he dies.

* * * * * *

What heavenly strains of music rich come floating on the breeze,
That can arrest that mother's ear o'erwhelmed with woes like these?
Yet so it is; amazed she sits, her sad and streaming eyes
Are fixed and motionless in doubt, in wonder and surprise.

A voice, a gentle voice of love, which once she heard before,
And which she never can forget, salutes her ear once more;
It speaks in gentlest, kindest tones to that disconsolate one,
Rise, Hagar, wherefore lingerest thou? arise and take thy son.

Could'st thou distrust Jehovah's love, or doubt his promise true?
Rise, mourner, rise, take up thy son, the promise I renew;
Fear not, for countless as the sands which lie along the shore
Shall be thine offspring, faithless one, then rise and doubt no more.

She rose, she hastened to the spot where lay the expiring child ;
Water was there ; the mother's heart o'erflows with rapture wild ;
The cooling draught revived the boy, he raised his languished eye
Enquiring to his mother's face. "'Twas God !" her looks reply.

Once more that mother clasped her child within her fond embrace ;
Once more those orbs of living light gaze on his lovely face ;
Once more she turns to Heaven her eyes, once more she kissed
her boy ;
Once more her tears in silence flow ; but oh ! they are tears of joy.

LOVE STRONER THAN DEATH.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CHARACTER OF RIZPAH, 2 SAM., XXI. 10.

'Tis a time of joy and thanksgiving, for harvest has begun ;
A time of gladness, for the Lord hath heard his people mourn.
For three long years hath Israel groaned 'neath famine's iron
hand,
Which dried the sap and nourishment from their once fruitful
land.

A cry has risen on the ear of agony and woe—
The mother saw her child expire, yet tears refused to flow ;
For the fountains of her heart were dried by famine's pang severe,
And from her glazed and bloodshot eyes could flow no friendly tear.

A cry hath gone through all the land of anguish and despair,
The same which hath in later times filled Scottish hearts with fear ;
Here, for a broken covenant, God's anger is poured down,
And for her burned covenant, Scotia dreads Jehovah's frown.

But he hath long since sunk to rest whose oath hath been profaned ;
He fell 'midst battle's roar whose name with perjury is stain'd ;
Yet for his sins a nation groans, and heaven's favours sought
By vengeance on the children's heads, for deeds the sire hath wrought.

They hang them up before the Lord on the accursed tree,
Seven youths in all their strength and pride, Saul's fated progeny ;
Nor may their friendly mother earth them shield within her breast,
They hang as monuments of wrath that Israel may rest.

Once more the voice of joy is heard in Israel's famished land,
Saul's guilt has been atoned for now, and vengeance stays her hand;
The hopes of plenty cheer each heart, the harvest hymn is raised,
And with timbrel and the harp, they sing the Mighty Giver's praise.

But there is one, yes, only one, amid this joyous scene,
Whose heart is wrung with agony insufferably keen ;
Tis' she, whose anguished soul has known the terrors of her God,
Whose eyes have seen th' avenging sword dyed in her children's blood.

Deserted by their fellow-men, deserted by their God ;
The victims of a father's crimes have quivered 'neath the rod ;
And she whose everfaithful breast loves though a world should hate,
Bows to the dread decree of heaven, and yields them to their fate.

She bows, 'tis heaven's high will, and she, O ! how shall she withstand ?
How shall an erring mortal dare to lift 'gainst heaven her hand ?
She bows, the meek afflicted one, though deep her woman's heart—
For its unfathom'd well of woe has felt the bitter smart.

O ! see the lorn bereaved one in her agony of love,
Beside her dear though blasted hopes, heaven's strength in weakness proved,
Dearer in death to her fond heart than life, or hope, or rest,
Stronger than death the chords of lovewhich bind them to her breast.

She watches when the blazing sun in awful wrath looks down,
Nor heeds she though her burning brain is reeling 'neath his frown ;
She watches when the midnight dews chill on her breast descend,
From ravening bird, and beast of prey, her dear ones to defend.

See her, unwearied and alone, the guardian of the dead,
The gentle one whose inmost heart with untold anguish bled ;
No rest was hers ; night, morn, and noon, her task of love she plied,
Strengthened by him beneath whose frown her own adored ones
died.

'Twas not by might of human strength her firm unflinching soul
Upheld her in the gloomy day of sorrow's mantling pall ;
'Twas love, pure heavenly holy love, that true unshaken faith,
Which woe's deep waters could not quench, which triumphed even
in death.

The smoke from Israel's altars is arising to the skies,
She bows to earth, she dare not lift to the blue heaven her eyes ;
She prays, O thou thrice holy God, who can abide thy frown ?
In this dark hour of agony, Lord, look in mercy down.

Hear, O thou sin avenging God ! beneath whose rod I groan ;
O let my children's guiltless blood their sire's dire crime atone ;
And look upon thy people, Lord, in pity and in love,
And let the expected rains drop down with healing from above !

They come, the welcome harbingers of plenty and of peace ;
They come to cheer the drooping hearts, and bid their sorrows
cease ;
The prayer of faith, and hope, and love, ascended not in vain,
And Rizpah's sorely bruised heart joys in God's favour gained.

How many are the triumphs won by thee, almighty love;
Thou dear and glorious boon of heaven which lifts our souls above;
Sweet solace 'mid affliction's gloom, despoiler of life's foe,
All of good, great, or beautiful, to thy blest power we owe.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

She comes in the joy of her bosom to greet him,
Her sire who in triumph victorious has come;
She comes with the love of a daughter to meet him—
With the smile of affection to welcome him home.

When the warrior had pined in neglect and seclusion,
That smile of affection had gladdened his heart,
When his country's ingratitude darkened his bosom,
Her love was the star which could never depart.

And now that his arm has once more been victorious,
And the foes of his country have fled from his face;
Her young heart is glowing to share in his glories,
And hail him in joy she so loved in distress.

O, high beats her heart, and her bright eye is beaming ;
The warm blood is thrilling with joy through her veins ;
Afar in the distance the banners are streaming,
And borne on the gale is the music's wild strains.

They come, and the maidens strike up the loud timbrel,
With songs of rejoicing they welcome him home ;
He hears not their greetings, his eye wildly wanders ;
He fears 'tis his daughter is leading them on.

He gazes, he shrinks, and wild agony seizes
And wrings with deep anguish his lion-like heart ;
A cold griping death-dew his brave bosom freezes,
And triumph and fame in a moment depart.

Unmoved he has stood amid carnage and slaughter ;
Nor danger, nor death, the stern warrior could shake ;
But now, the soft voice of his dearly loved daughter
Wakes feelings he hushed for his country's sake.

For, ah ! he has vowed with a patriot's devotion,
If Amnon should bow beneath Israel's sword,
That whatever should meet him when homeward returning
In peace, should be sacrificed there to the Lord.

'Tis hard, O ! 'tis hard in youth's glorious morning,
With earth, sea, and sky, glowing bright on our view,

To sink to the cold clammy arms of oblivion,
And bid each fair prospect of nature adieu.

O! hard 'tis to leave the dear friends who have loved us,
To break, and for ever, affection's fond spell;
To die while a bright sun is glowing above us,
And bid unto all an eternal farewell.

And yet she is calm, not a murmer escapes her;
She shrinks not to sink to the dark silent tomb;
Her strong spirit stifles the clingings of nature—
Yet she craves a respite to prepare for her doom.

Ah! yes, for those tidings so strange and so awful,
Have harrowed her soul, yet she will not complain;
And the stern hero feels that a young timid female
May brave the dark fate which she cannot restrain.

MOSES' MOTHER—Exodus II.

Upon the Nile's green bank she stood and gazed on its sweeping flood,
And she sigh'd to think those bright blue waves had so oft been dy'd with blood ;
And she thought it moan'd as it swept along for the cherub forms which slept,
Deep, deep, beneath its mournful blue, and the anguished mother wept.

Ah ! yes, she wept, and her silent tears fell fast on the rolling wave,
As it flowed o'er the bed of the early dead, o'er the infant victim's grave ;
How many a mother's tears had flowed, and many a mother's cry
Had risen from the grave of her slaughtered babe, to the throne of God on high.

She wept, but not for those who slept far, far 'neath the foaming brine,
For the blasted promise of Israel's race, the murdered of Jacob's line ;

Ah! no, she knew they were cradled in peace, and from sorrow and pain were riven,
And their blameless spirits had winged their flight to a Father's breast in heaven.

But she wept for the mothers whose souls were torn with anguish like her own;
And she fancied 'mid the silent calm, she heard their heart-heaved moan;
And she wept for the fathers thus sunk in woe 'neath a stern oppressor's hand,
And she wept for the reeking crimes which rose from that blood-stained guilty land.

And she raised her eyes to the cloudless arch of the deep blue heaven above,
Hung curtained o'er that lovely land like a mantle of p- ce and love;
No sound disturbed the glorious calm—sweet fragrance fill'd the air,
And she wept that hell's dark deeds should stain a scene so heavenly fair.

She wept, and bitter burning tears coursed down her pale pale cheek,
And the choaking struggle rose within which the tongue can never speak,
As she gazed a long deep maddening gaze on her sleeping infant mild,
And the strong chords of the mother's heart twined wildly round her child.

Oh ! had hell's blackest monster seen her heart's convulsive throbs,
Or the deep wild wildering agony of her dark living orbs ;
The anguish of the human soul which words may not express,
'Twould surely kindle pity's spark even in a demon's breast.

But high enthroned in light and love, a God of pity knows
The workings of a mother's heart amid its wildest throes,
Those feelings he implanted there, and man shall ne'er in vain
Outrage the sacred links which form affection's holiest chain.

And 'mid the war, 'twixt faith and fear, his presence gives relief,
And soothes the troubled channel of her bosom's awful grief ;
In faith she lays her cherished babe beside that blood-stained tide,
And turns depending on her God, the issue to abide.

And where is she whose humble faith has pled a Saviour's name ?
Before the throne of love and grace, who has e'er been put to shame ?
No, as that mother's cherished hope was to her arms restored,
So is she blest in earth or heaven whose heart's fixed on the Lord.

The babe, whose smiles the mother feels are borrowed from above,
Whose feeble helpless wail calls forth the yearnings of her love,
May from the quivering heart be torn, and numbered with the dead ;
But she can look beyond the tomb where the bright spirit's fled.

He who has trod affliction's path, and felt its bitter power,
In mercy calls our treasure home before the evil hour;
And in our Father's house above, where partings are unknown,
We'll press with purer, holier love, the lambs we call our own.

RUTH.

No! we shall never sever more,
Whatever may betide;
Through sorrow, poverty, and woe,
We'll struggle side by side.

Entreat me not to leave thee thus,
Or to return again
To that benighted land of sin
And guilt, from which I came.

Country and kindred move me not—
The only loved is gone,
And joy but rends the rifted heart,
Sad, cheerless, and alone.

Where'er thou goest I will go,
And where thou roamest roam ;
Thy love shall be my guiding star—
Thy heart my only home.

In thy calm features I shall trace
His whom thou gavest life ;
And each fond smile shall nerve my heart
'Gainst peril, pain, and strife.

And thou shalt in my bosom deep
His image mirrored see,
Nor deem the grave has o'er him closed
When thou beholdest me.

The same deep sorrow has been ours—
The same our chequered fate ;
The same rude shock which reft thy all
Has left me desolate.

The same shall be our future lot—
Nought shall divide us more ;
The same through life, and, oh ! in death
United as before.

My breast shall be thy hiding-place,
When tempests o'er thee lower ;

And thy heart's deep recess shall be
My sanctuary and tower.

My youthful arm shall be the stay
Of thy declining years;
Together we shall wend our way—
Together blend our tears.

Thy country shall my country be—
Thy kindred, too, are mine;
And in return my heart, my hope,
My life, my all, are thine.

Nor Death, who severs every tie,
Shall hearts like ours divide;
For where thou diest I will die,
And lay me by thy side.

Thy God, our God, has heard my vow,
A stranger though I be;
He will assist me to fulfill
A daughter's part to thee.

He will protect us; He will watch
O'er all our wanderings wild;
And He who hears the mother's prayer
Will not forget the child.

Nor shall we ever sever more,
Whatever may betide;
Through joy, through sorrow, weal, or woe,
We'll struggle side by side.

NAOMI.

Call me no longer Naomi—the beautiful, the fair;
Nor mock my soul's deep misery, my heart's dark wild despair;
Such name may well befit the gay, the happy, light, and free;
But oh! my withered bosom, say, doth it apply to thee?

No, no; my name is bitterness—bitter as Mara's flood,
Or Nile's broad river when the Lord had turned it into blood;
The canker-worm is in my soul; I feel—I feel it there;
The Lord himself has striven with me, nor have I strength to bear.

I've laid within the stranger's grave the husband of my love;
I've seen it close like ocean wave that dear loved form above;
My breast is cold as is his tomb—my heart is desolate,
Then call me Mara—be the name as bitter as my fate.

The pledges of our early love—the children of our pride,
Who bloomed like beauteous buds of hope and promise by our side,
I've laid them where their father lies, on yon far foreign shore ;
Then call me Mara—bitterness—but Naomi no more.

I left you full of hope and joy ; you see how I return—
A widow, childless, poor, and sad, dejected and forlorn ;
Yet blessings have indeed been mine which fall to few below—
The deep, deep love which fortune's sons and daughters never know.

The soft, the kind, the tried, the true, the constant, changeless love,
O ! not of earth, or earthy hue, but pure from heaven above ;
That love in all its luxury, in all its bliss divine,
In all its deep reality, and heartfelt joy is mine.

Yes ! there is one who shared my fate, and one who shares it still—
One dear, devoted, faithful friend, the same in good and ill—
One fond, confiding, gentle heart, as tender as 'tis true,
And while I sing of judgment I can sing of mercy too.

TO THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Spirit of Beauty, what art thou, mysterious, glorious power,
That spread'st thy mantle o'er our earth, and bid'st our hearts adore?
All nature owns thy genial sway, and jaundiced is the eye
Which can behold the beautiful, yet coldly pass it by.

We see thee when the first grey streak proclaims the opening dawn;
We see thee when the glorious sun has risen o'er the lawn;
We see thee in the pearly dew, like tears from nature's eye,
Which sparkle on each blade of grass with many a gorgeous dye

We see thee in the insect tribe—the butterfly and bee;
We see thee in each simple flower that blossoms on the lea;
We see thee in each warbler sweet that issues from the grove,
And tunes his little heart to joy, to liberty and love.

We see thee in the fleecy clouds that deck the deep blue sky;
We see thee in the rippling rills that gurgle sweetly by;
We see thee in the crystal stream, and in the broad calm lake;
We see thee in the sapling green, and the majestic oak.

We see thee in the heaving deep—the glorious and the free—
The only thing, creation's lord, that has not bowed to thee ;
We see thee in the lightning's flash, in the tempest's gathering breath,
And oft thou comest sublimely grand and beautiful in death.

We see thee in the silent night, when the melancholy moon,
Clear, cold, and pale, comes forth, as if she wept o'er beauty's tomb ;
We see thee in the sparkling stars which gem the midnight sky,
And in the lonely bird of night that sweeps majestic by.

We see thee in the noble horse careering bold and fleet,
With eye of fire, and hoofs which spurn the earth beneath his feet ;
We see thee in the faithful dog, man's firm unflinching friend,
And in every bounty of our God, which on our steps attend.

Spirit of Beauty ! far away, upon our own blue Clyde,
Thou sit'st enthroned in fancy's eye, in all thy summer's pride.
I see the mountain shadows lie, deep buried in her breast,
Or her bright blue waves sport laughing by, then murmuring sink to rest.

I see thee, Spirit of Beauty ! in this far distant land,
In the river's calm majestic roll, in the mountain stern and grand,
In every little white winged thing that flits across its breast,
Or the stately ship that anchored rides from ocean's storms at rest.

But ah! 'tis in the human form, in the human face divine,
That the strength of thy perfections in majestic beauty shine;
Man in the image of his God, fallen, guilty, though he be,
Swells the great chorus which proclaims a glorious Deity.

Yes, earth is very beautiful, though dimmed and marred by sin;
And there's beauty even amid the wreck of the human mind within;
But fancy takes a wider range, and soars beyond the sky,
Where she sits enthroned in light and love, 'mong forms that never die.

The fairest forms of earth must yield to nature's stern decay,
And the souls of loveliness and love drop from our hearts away,
And the dark, dark pall, and darker tomb, shroud from our aching sight,
The radiant forms which lit our souls with wild and deep delight.

My soul has loved the beautiful, and drunk the deep excess
Of pure unmingled joy, which flows from the mind's loveliness;
And it has felt the aching void—the nameless bitterness,
When the bright being so beloved was called from its embrace.

Fair Spirit of Beauty! what were man without thy soothing power?
His mind a dark chaotic waste, where nought but evil lowered;
And this fair earth, a second hell, by nameless horrors riven;
No light to cheer us 'mid the gloom, or lift our souls to heaven.

Then ah! thou flow'st, mysterious power, from a good and gracious God,
To light our hearts with love, and cheer us on life's dreary road;
To pour ideas o'er our souls, of the welling floods of love
And loveliness, which wait the just in realms of bliss above.

TO THE REV. ANDREW GILMOUR,

MINISTER OF THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GREENOCK.

O BLESSED be that gentle heart,
That tender, sympathising breast,
Which doth its heavenly peace impart
To the dark waves of deep distress.

That heart, warm, pure from pity's fount,
Which makes each mourner's woe its own,
Which e'en despair's wild "Bar" surmounts,
To whisper peace, where hope is flown.

O see that breast, 'tis big with love ;
Its precious stores how free they flow ;
How well have misery's victims proved
The fervour of its holy glow.

* * * * *

See yon lone cottage in the wild,
Unnoticed by the traveller's eye ;
Where poverty's neglected child
Is left in want and woe to die.

O heavy falls the rain without,
But heavier are the hearts within ;
God's promise true they dare not doubt,
Although their path be dark and dim.

The husband and the father lies
Fast sinking in the arms of Death !
He turns to heaven his glistening eyes,
And prays for patience and for faith.

"Lord, let us not, in this dark hour,
Distrust thy mercy or thy grace ;
Thou hast the will, Thou hast the power,
And Thou, O God, wilt give us peace."

The dying father's voice has ceased—
A knock at the lone door is heard;
Hope lights once more the mother's breast—
It is the servant of the Lord.

Yes, it is he! 'midst storm and rain
He has searched out that lonely cot;
And his is not the voice to pain
With charity's high sounding note.

I see thee there in fancy's eye;
O, noble sight, I see thee stand
Blessing, and blessed with tearful eye,
Yet gladdened heart and open hand.

O thou hast known the deep delight,
The inward joy, the secret peace,
In stern misfortune's darkest night
To cause the mourner's grief to cease.

Thy hand has dried the orphan's tears,
And cheered the widow's lonely heart;
Thy voice has calmed the wretched's fears
And bade their clouds of woe depart.

O blessed be thy beacon light
Which shines alike in weal and woe,

And even 'mid envy's withering blight,
Preserves the same unwearied low.

Go on in joy; thy bright reward
Awaits thee in a happier sphere;
A crown of glory from that Lord,
Who gave thee for a blessing here.

IT IS NOT THEE.

Yes, it is like; each feature brings the memory of the past
In sad review before my mind, as when I saw thee last;
Deep mirrored in my inmost heart that last kind look I see,
'Tis like thee, yes, 'tis very like, but ah! it is not thee.

Here I can trace the clear pale brow, and the glossy curls of jet,
And the lightning of the bright dark eye, which I never can forget;
And the same bright smile plays round the lip of the face which now I see;
Yes, it is like thee, O how like, but yet it is not thee.

'Tis like thee, yes, 'tis like indeed, each feature tells a tale ;
But the hair is slightly tinged with grey, and the cheek more blanched and pale ;
And it wants thy warm and ruddy glow, and the proud and daring cast,
Which I loved to trace on thy manly face when a cloud had o'er it past.

'Tis like indeed, and yet it wants something I cannot tell ;
It wants the nameless witchery—the sweet enchanting spell,
Which twined around my youthful heart, and knit that heart to thee ;
'Tis like thee, yes, how very like, but ah ! it is not thee.

'Tis like thee, yes, but ah 'tis cold ! cold, cold, as is thine urn ;
And it moves my heart with the silent voice of days that shall ne'er return ;
But as moonbeam dwells on the lake's cold breast, which reflects its image clear,
So I love to gaze on the lovely face which images one so dear.

For O ! 'tis like, and each feature brings the memory of the past
In sad review before my mind as when I saw thee last ;
Deep mirrored in my inmost heart that last kind look I see ;
'Tis like, but O ! my mournful soul can feel it is not thee.

REPLY

TO A PASSAGE ON THE CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON,

In Pollok's "Course of Time."

"His groanings filled the land his numbers filled."—*Pollok.*

His groanings fill your land! 'Twas never deemed
Worthy to share the grief of that high mind,
Which scorned the world and all its little ways,
Alike to him its pity or its praise;
Yet did not hate it, for his sorrows proved
He loved too deeply and too dearly loved;
Yet could not stoop to meaner hearts, to seek
Their sympathy, although his own might break.
His grief was sacred, and his own torn breast
Were fittest sanctuary for such to rest.

That bosom bore its weight of woe alone;
None shared its sorrow and none mocked its moan.
Or if there ere was wrung one bitter tear
From eyes which e'en in sorrow were severe;

That tear had flowed unseen ; the vulgar crowd
Had never gazed upon that spirit proud,
Bending in silent woe beneath the stroke
Which lesser heart-strings must have quickly broke.

But such have seldom flowed on England's shore ;
He steeled his bosom there with even more
Than human fortitude—he summoned all
That bosom's pride, and bade his home farewell.
Methinks I hear him say, the "hour's gone by
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye."

Once more upon his own wild element,
His pent up feelings might at last find vent ;
With naught but sea and sky, beneath, above,
And not an eye to gaze, save one of love.
The dark blue waves in sympathy might swell
With his pained heart, but would no secrets tell.
And the bright sky above might drop a tear
Of purity and pity. Oh, how dear,
Unmixed with scorn, and undisguised by art,
As angels weep o'er blighted human hearts ;
Then, then indeed, his heart might find relief,
And flow in all the bitterness of grief.

His Maker and his God alone might be
Sole witness of his bosom's agony ;

For there and there alone his heart could find
That which is ne'er received nor asked from mankind.
Ah, wherefore then shroud beneath clamour's veil,
The deep, deep feelings of that noble soul.
O Byron ! thou wert but a son of Earth,
As such thou wert not faultless ;—though thy birth
Were high and thy great talents higher still,
Such as few ever equalled or e'er will,
Yet thou hadst spots ; so also has the sun,
Heaven's most refulgent orb. But thou art gone,
Too brief was thy career ; that glorious blaze
At which astonished worlds in silence gazed,
Too soon was quenched, and like Heaven's orb of fire
In one broad glorious blaze thou didst expire.
Peace be with thy great spirit ; thou hast gone
Into that land whose secrets are unknown,
And Charity should own thy brighter side,
Forget thy faults, and hail thy name with pride.

TO A WIDOWED MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SIXTH CHILD.

I see thee in thy sorrow sit,
Thou widowed mother lone;
A mourner for the silent dead—
The dear departed one--
The child thou could'st have died to save
From Jordan's dark and dreary wave.

O ! death has ravaged fearfully
Among thy little band,
And one by one sunk silently
Beneath his icy hand :
He too, the partner of thy tears,
Is gone from thy declining years.

My heart bleeds for thy solitude,
Thy deep and silent grief ;
But thou needest not man's sympathy ;
No, thou hast Heaven's relief :
Calm and composed I hear thee say
God gave and let him take away.

Thou art not mourning without hope ;
No, thou art well assured,
That they who made thee happy here
Are happier with the Lord ;
And though thy heart with grief may swell,
By faith thou sayest all is well !

Thou see'st a father's gracious hand,
Thou ownest a father's love,
Who has but called thy loved from earth
To realms of bliss above ;
And thou hast viewed the yawning tomb,
And said, thy will, O Lord ! be done.

O may the widow's husband prove
Thy husband and thy friend—
The father of thy fatherless,
And guide, even to the end :
Till those dear ties, which death has riven,
Unite, to part no more, in heaven.

LINES.

She died, she faded ; in the morn of life
She sunk beneath a weight of agony
Which weighed her gentle spirit to the grave,
And laid her prostrate with the lowly dead.
O ! little knew the cold unfeeling crowd
With whom she laughed and smiled—they little knew
The pangs which rent that lovely bosom through,
Nor could they ere have deemed it—she was gay,
Gay ev'n to lightness—while within there wrought
The canker of the soul, which works unseen
Into the blighted breast, and made her fain
Assume a lightness foreign to her heart,
To hide her sorrows from the vulgar gaze.
But there were some who watched her smile, and wept
That virtue sunk in sorrow should assume
The mark of mirth, because a callous world
Was apt to blend its pity with contempt ;
Which the oppressed but still proud spirit ill
Could brook to meet. 'Twas only they who knew
Her soul's deep secret, saw its working there,
Even in the merry laugh and accents light ;

'Twas only they who knew her heart could mark
The lip's slight curl, which told its silent tale—
The absent look which proved that mirth was but
The mask she wore, and which could scarce conceal
The gnawing worm which on her bosom preyed—
The pangs she strove to hide, until they rent
And broke her youthful heart, and hurried her
To man's last home, the dark and lonely tomb.
O God! Thou wilt avenge her blood upon
The wretch, the harden'd wretch, the heartless fiend,
Who trifled with her dearer far than life—
Her heart's best feelings; he who cruelly drained
Her life's warm blood, her soul's last sacred drop,
And shrouded with the pall of blackest night
The trembling dove, who ever bore aloft
The olive branch of promised hope and peace.
O let him feel the fierce, the guilty glow
Which was not hers! Mingled with all the pain
Which tore her bosom's core—and steeped her soul
In gall and bitterness—made life a waste,
A wilderness of woe, a desert wild,
A path of thorns, which pierced her bleeding feet,
And made her welcome death and the dark grave
As the last, only rest, which she could find,
Where troubles cease and weary pilgrims sleep;
And she has found it early in life's spring.

Lord, let her rest in peace, for she was thine,
Thine own, thine only ; in thine image made,
The workmanship of thine own hand, the soul
Which thou didst give and keep unstain'd and pure
'Mid clouds and darkness, dangers and distress.
Her days of trial, grief, and pain are o'er,
Her bark is safe on heaven's blissful shore.

LOVE.

TO MISS M'LEA FOR HER ALBUM.

Like the mind of the babe is the unwritten leaf;
Though pure it is powerless for good or for ill;
Yet 'twill thrill us in joy or dissolve us in grief,
Be gloomy or gay as the writer may will.

Thy heart is yet young, thy affections are warm,
Thy hopes are all high, and thy bosom is kind;
Thou may'st yet pluck life's roses unpierced by their thorns,
And thy pen will partake of the tone of thy mind.

Then O ! 'mid the gladness and sunshine of youth,
Let love find a home in the depth of thy heart ;
'Twill give rapture to joy ; 'twill give beauty to truth,
And 'twill soften and sweeten life's bitterest smart.

Nay, start not, nor think it a dangerous guest ;
'Tis Deity's dearest and holiest boon—
The sweetest—the fairest—the brightest and best—
The sole earthly joy which outlives the dark tomb.

'Tis the glorious garb which God deigns to assume ;
'Tis the undying theme of the angels above ;
It composed the last prayer of our Saviour for man,
And high Heaven's commands may be summed up in love.

Then, let love, holy love, find a home in thy breast,,
Let it glow o'er these pages, and breathe in each line ;
Though it ne'er may the eye of the worldling arrest,
A joy which he cannot bestow shall be thine.

THE SAILOR'S DEATH.

It was a calm and a lovely eve,
'Twas heaven above, 'twas peace around,
And ocean's bosom gently heaved
With a pitying sigh, as if she grieved,
While she swept, with a murmuring sound,
O'er the lowly dead who reposed beneath,
In the cold and silent embrace of death,
Unshrouded and alone,
Where the fierce monsters of the deep
Their wildest gambols unceasing keep.

Not a cloud appears in the deep blue heaven,
And the winds are hushed in their spell-bound cave;
And the glorious sun his career had driven,
And his parting adieu for the night had given,
E'er he sunk 'neath the far west wave:
'Twas a heavenly calm, such as lifts the soul
To the realms of rapture, where bright things roll
To fancy's regions fair;
Where the soul may soar with untiring wing,
Through the cloudless blue of eternal spring.

Now gliding in beauty on ocean's breast,
A bold yet lonely bark appears;
Like a speck she seems on the watery waste,
Yet proud as the eagle she rears her crest,
For her heart is a stranger to fear;
And the zephyr of eve fans her snowy wing,
As she skims the blue deep like a living thing,
In perfect loveliness,—
Wending her way through the pathless sea
Like a shade on the breast of eternity.

How majestic she sweeps o'er the watery plain,
How peerless she travels alone;
For the blood of a coward her timbers ne'er stained,
And her walls never chimed to the clank of the chain,
Nor echo'd to slavery's moan.
She is manned by the sons and the lords of the wave,
The children of Britain, the bold and the brave,
Who have burst the poor Africans' chain;
And their standard of liberty floats to the breeze,
As free as the spray on their highway, the seas.

But a sadness hangs over that gallant band,
For one of their number is hastening on
To the dark unknown, the untold-of land;
And they gaze on his features—they grasp his hand,
And feel he shall soon be gone:

He returns their pressure, but, ah, 'tis the last!
For his spirit for ever from life hath passed
To the land untrod before.
Ah, who shall tell where the soul may soar
In its flight from time to return no more?

He is gone; they stand in mute amaze,
For the spirit hath winged her flight;
And the eyes that so late through suffering blazed,
Already with death's dull film are glazed,
And fixed in cheerless night;
And the lips have quivered their last farewell,
And the breast has heaved with its parting swell,
And the death-dew's on the brow;
And swifter than thought from life's weary strand,
He has entered the shores of the spirit-land.

They feel 'tis an awful thing to die,
As they gaze on the late gay one;
And the firmest bosom is heaving a sigh,
And tears are bedewing the sternest eye,
Which they never need blush to own;
For 'tis pity's own dew, which the sons of the wave
Shed over a brother they could not save;
And let none such tears despise,
Which flow from the heart down the manly cheek,
And tell of woe which they may not speak.

They stretch him out on his narrow bed,
  They close his glassy eyes ;
Few words are spoken, few tears are shed,
But the blunt kind feelings are here displayed,
  Which mock at hypocrisy's guise :
Poor Jack, they exclaim, he shall sail no more,
His anchor is cast, and his voyage is o'er,
    His journey on earth is done ;
And we too must follow the chartless track
To that far off land from which none comes back.

They have wrapt him up in his hammock bed—
  The sailor's coffin—the sailor's shroud.
They shall lay him too with the sailors dead,
And the waves shall roll over his youthful head,
  And the winds shall whistle loud :
But nought shall disturb him, for calm shall he sleep
In some weed-wrapt cave of the ocean deep,
    Till that great trumpet sound,
Which shall reach to its deepest and darkest bed,
And awake its long lost and forgotten dead.

Peace to the soul of the young and brave,
  Peace to the noble—the naval band,
Peace to the sleepers beneath the wave ;
Be they haughty or humble, who found a grave
  Far, far from their native land :

But pride to thee, Ocean, whatever thy form ;
Thou art lovely in calm, thou art awful in storm,
Great work of an infinite God ;
Thou hast taught us how feeble, how weak, how vain,
Are man's boasted powers on thy watery plain.

STANZAS.

I saw thee in the morn of life, when gladness filled thine eye,
And visions bright as hope could wreath were flitting gaily by ;
No cloud was on thy beauteous brow, no trace of grief was there ;
Thou wert the gayest of the gay, the fairest of the fair.

I marked thy bright and gladening smile—the sun-bursts of thy heart,
And thy glee melodiously wild unchecked by rules of art ;
And I loved thee for thy guileless mirth and thy heart so wildly free,
For innocence and truth combined to fix their throne with thee.

Few years had passed, we met again, and still thy cheek was fair
The deadly pale ; the rose had fled which once bloomed proudly there ;

Thy bright blue eye was dimmed with tears, thy head was bent in grief,
Calm as the silence of despair, which hopes for no relief.

Ah little, little could I think, thy sky had lowered so soon,
That grief's dark cloud so soon should shroud the splendour of thy noon,
That the rich ripe bloom of youth and health so soon should fade and die,
And the canker of the soul obscure the brightness of thine eye.

Once more I saw thee, but the sight has filled my breast with pain,
The storm of grief has o'er thee passed, hast thou found peace again ?
Ah no, that bold unblushing brow too plainly tells thy tale ;
But ah ! it is a tale of woe which charity must veil.

I gazed in sorrow on the wreck a few short years had made,
Gone was thy girlhood's sunny smile—thy heart's deep glee had fled;
Gone too thine innocence and truth, thy bosom's richest dower,
And fled with them the cheering hope which gilds life's darkest hour.

Oh cursed be the deceiver's art which did thy peace destroy,
For cold and cruel was his heart who quenched thy every joy ;
He found thee warm with love and truth, with hope's gay dream elate,
He won, then pierced, thy trusting heart, and left it to its fate !

I saw the cloud of misery hang suspended o'er thy head ;
It burst at length, oh that its force had laid thee with the dead
Better to die than live to bear the inward weight of woe,
Which sears the heart in after years when tears have ceased to flow.

LINES.

"That eye
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire."—Byron.

I love the warm glance of a dark rolling eye
As it glows in its ether of fire,
Like the blaze of the meteor which flashes on high,
Then suddenly bursts and expires.

I would not exchange it, that soul-thrilling glance,
However evanescent its beams,
For the sunbursts of mirth, could they sparkle and dance
For aye on eternity's streams.

O ! no, for it comes from the depths of the soul,
And it speaks to the soul as it burns,

And it strikes the deep chords of the feelings and calls
Up the ashes from memory's urns.

To the heart that's been darkened by sorrow or care,
To the bosom that's stung to its core,
To the mind that is struggling with monster despair,
To the soul that can struggle no more.

It comes with emotions no tongue can explain,
With beauty no pen can unfold,
And it wakens the heart-strings which vibrate again
With a wild melting pathos untold.

It comes like a sunbeam dispelling the gloom,
Like a star 'mid our solitude's shade;
And swift as the lightning of heaven it illumes,
And as quickly doth vanish and fade.

Beauty we yield to the soft swelling blue,
And dearly its beauties I love,
And I've found them invariably tender and true,
And disdaining the passion to rove.

But they want the deep feeling which strikes to the soul
With the force of the bolt from above,
Awakening emotions which none may controul
In the heart's warm fountain of love.

Then give me the eye which is "floating in fire,"
For it tells of a spirit within,
Of a heart which can glow, though its blaze soon expire;
While it burns it is almost divine.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

"Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm;
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form.
Rocks, waves, and winds, thy shattered bark delay,
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away."—CAMPBELL.

YES, often on the midnight watch,
The sailor's heart is sad and lone;
When pondering on the dear delights
Which circle round his distant home,
Upon the partner of his life,
His bosom's pride—his virtuous wife,
And lovely smiling babes;

Oh! are they sunk in downy rest,
Or do wild fears distract their breasts
For him so far away?
His deep heart's dew is in his eyes,
There's none to see or to despise,
Save He who reigns above,
Who never slights the manly tear—
Affection's tribute pure and dear.

When pacing o'er the narrow deck,
He looks across the moonlight wave,
And feels that there is but a plank
Between him and an ocean grave;
Then turns him to the starry sky,
Where countless worlds in beauty lie,
Enthroned in light and love.
Sublime emotions swell his soul,
For one great God surveys the whole,
And from his throne above
Beholds the wanderer on the sea,
The poor neglected sailor; He,
Unlike his fellow worm,
Despises not, but stoops to bind
The sorrows of his troubled mind.

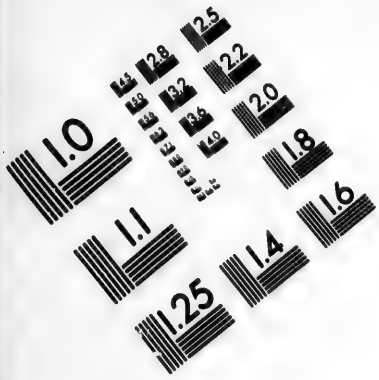
But sometimes on the midnight watch
The sea is not so calm and mild—

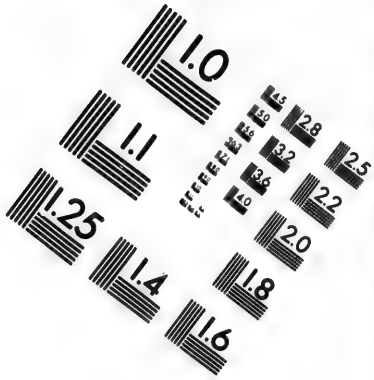
Storm, death, and danger oftener mark
The pathway of the ocean child :
And on that dark and trackless sea,
That emblem of eternity,
The storm-fiend often rides,
And scatters desolation wide
Across the vexed and angry tide,
And tosses, in his wrath,
From sea to sky the hapless bark,
While all around is drear and dark,
Save when the lightning's flash,
Blue gleaming through the troubled air,
Proclaims the King of Terrors there.

'Tis then the bravest heart stands still,
The firmest bosom checks its breath :
'Tis then the sternest eye must quail,
For who unmoved may gaze on death ?
And yet 'tis there our ocean sons
Must toil for life, must struggle on,
Where few would dare to tread ;
'Tis then that country, home, and friends,
Will rush across the troubled brain,
And fill the soul with care ;
'Tis then the inward prayer is breath'd,
The spirit is to God bequeath'd,
And the strong arm is nerved ;

And ah! how oft 'tis then the brave
Are shrouded in the whelming wave.

The midnight watch; O! who may tell,
What scenes are acting on the deep,
When silent Morpheus draws his veil,
And sons of earth have sunk to sleep;
And oh! how callous is the soul
That feels not, when the tempests howl,
For him whose home's the deep;
And who are they who dare despise
The brave, the kind, though oft unwise,
The long neglected tar.
O! I have loved them since I knew
The colour of a jacket blue,
And well I love them still;
And well I love the bounding wave—
The sailor's home—the sailor's grave.





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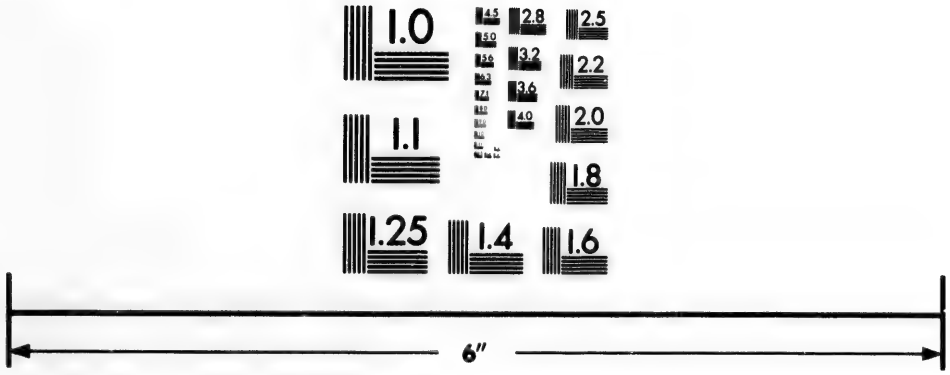

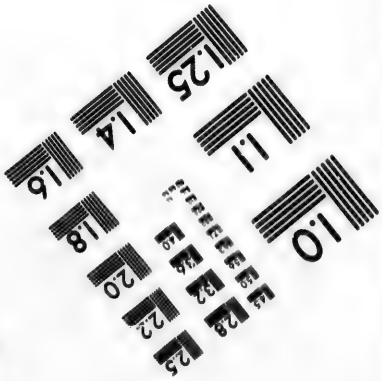

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TO MY WEE SON.

Wee happy, canty, pauky thing,
Young bud o' life's uncertain spring,
How dear thou art I canna bring
My mind to say;
Though half I fear there maun be sin
To lo'e thee sae.

Dear laughing imp o' joy, thy een,
Blue, blue as heaven's azure sheen,
Glour in my face wi' rapture keen,
What can I do;
But clasp thee in my arms again
And pree thy mou?

Thy wee sweet mou, O, how I fain
Wad kiss thee ower and ower again;
E'en when thou'rt cross, I scarce can blame,
But take thy part;
For oh, thou takest reproof o' mine
Right sair to heart.

Delighted is my heart, I trow,
To hear thee mimic pussy's mew ;
Then thou can'st read and whistle too,
Syne dance and sing ;
Wee pranks to help to tell us thou
Hast mind within :

And oh, how gratefu' should I be,
To that great God who gave thee me,
That reason's power was gi'en to thee,
And perfect health—
Twa gifts that could na' purchased be
Wi' mines o' wealth.

O ! Heaven protect my darling child
Frae sin and sorrow's pathway wild,
And let him never be beguiled
Frae virtue's road ;
I gi'e him frae my heart's deep core
To thee, my God.

Make him a child o' thine whate'er
May be his lot or station here ;
Gi'e baith thy grace, and knit us near
To thee in love ;
Sae, when we close life's brief career,
We'll meet above.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE PAINFUL OCCURRENCE IN ST JOHN'S HARBOUR.

"The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name; hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it."—MICAH vi. 9.

GOD's voice is in our land,
His judgments are abroad;
To old and young, to rich and poor,
It rings the summons in our ear—
Prepare to meet thy God.

That voice was heard before,
When strong men stood aghast,
When all looked on in mute despair,
While rose to heaven the dreadful glare
Of flames' devouring blast. [1]

Again that voice was heard
In tempest and in storm;
Again the swift command was given,
Again the messengers of Heaven
Rung loud the wild alarm. [2]

Once more that voice is heard,
It comes, how suddenly!
When mirth is changed to wild despair,
And cries break on the startled ear--
Loud cries of agony. [3]

Hear it, ye hoary sires,
White with the frosts of years;
Your span is drawing to a close;
Soon, at the latest, must that voice
Ring in your hearts and ears.

Hear it, ye men of might,
In the strength of manhood's prime;
Yes, ev'n to you the call is made:
Death rings the summons at your gate,
Prepare to let him in.

Hear it, ye giddy youth,
Borne on by fortune's gale;

Ye have not seen life's aspect dark,
For bright eyed pleasure steers your bark,
And hope spreads every sail.

And life has many charms;
All is not shadow here;
Home, love, and friendship act their part,
And pour ideas o'er the heart,
The coldest must revere.

Yet life has tempests wild,
Quicksands and rocks are there;
Go ask misfortune's pale-browed son,
Of the dark perils he has run,
And take your lesson there.

Go, listen to that groan,
When youth and manhood fell;
See death has marked the lofty oak,
How, sudden, swift, and sure, the stroke,
The answering tomb can tell.

There's gloom on every brow,
And sorrow in each heart;
We loved them while they tarried here,
We weep o'er their untimely bier,
And grieve so soon to part.

Yet 'tis the lot of all,
  Each follows in his turn ;
The dearest links of life must part,
And sad's his lot, who leaves no heart
  To sorrow o'er his urn.

Then let us calmly wait
  High Heaven's appointed time,
Nor meet the summons with surprise ;
But may it prove a call to rise
  To happiness sublime.

NOTES.

[1.] The late fire in St John's, Newfoundland.
[2.] The storm which succeeded.
[3.] The narrative at the top of the next piece ("To a Bereaved Mother") will explain this.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

WRITTEN ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF MR. KENNETH JOHN M'LEA, AND MR. THOMAS PARKE HALL, WHO WERE DROWNED IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR ON THE 19TH JULY, 1848, BY THE UPSETTING IN A SQUALL OF A PLEASURE BOAT IN WHICH THEY HAD BEEN SAILING.

Weep! anguished mother, weep!
'Twill ease thine aching breast;
Religion never bids us shroud
The soul's severe distress:
Weep, let thy tear drops fall,
Like floods of wintry rain;
'Twill help to calm thy tortured soul,
And cool thy burning brain.

Heed not the stoic throng,
Who bid thee dry thy tears;
Their bosoms never knew the pang
Which crushed affection bears;
No warm emotions twine
Around their ice-bound hearts;
Who never knew what 'twas to love,
Without a pang may part.

Weep for thy blighted bud,
  Thy hope, thy pride, thy joy;
Weep for thy cherished—thy beloved—
  Thy noble hearted boy,
Cut down in life's gay bloom,
  When his heart with love was warm;
A rich young blossom for the tomb,
  Unblackened by life's storm.

Thine is a bitter grief;
  Yet time's all powerful hand
Will wipe the tear-drops from thine eye,
  And calm thine anguished mind;
For in his native land
  Thy loved one rests his head;
But think of her whose widowed heart
  Yearns o'er her distant dead.

O! may His arm, which smote,
  Bring solace 'mid your gloom;
Give you the faith which looks beyond
  And triumphs o'er the tomb;
And may your spirits meet
  In prayer before His throne,
Till, feeling for each other's woes,
  Each half forgets his own.

JEALOUSY.

TO MY FIRST-BORN, ON THE BIRTH OF HIS BROTHER.

Pride of my heart, my first-born boy, whose early smile
Awoke a deep and thrilling joy unquenchable—
A joy a mother only knows, yet can't express,
The wild and agonising throes of tenderness.

Gaze not so sadly in my face, my blooming son,
Nor think thy brother fills the place thou call'st thine own ;
Nor dread thou art for ever driven forth from my breast—
That breast which was indeed thy heaven of love and rest.

How often pillowed there, dear child, in peace thou'st lain,
And gazed on me, e'en till thy soul was blent with mine ;
For thou didst love, my fair young boy, and thy pure smile
Partook not of the dark alloy of this world's guile.

Yes, thou didst love from thy heart's core, which now will feel
The anguish which thy sobs and tears so plain reveal ;
Thy baby-brother so beloved, thy late-found joy,
Has power to wound thy merry heart, my jealous boy !

This is the first of misery's long and mournful train,
Of ills which yet may grieve thy heart, or rack thy brain—
And, Oh! may God, in mercy, give thee strength to bear,
From day to day, with manly faith, thy appointed share.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

And art thou buried in thy silent grave,
Thou dear, though giddy girl—whose every tone
Was mirthful; who delightful promise gave
Of long, long years of happiness to come?

And art thou gone? Oh! how unlike the tomb
That sylph-like form, adorned with every grace—
That breast where only pure delight had room;
Where meaner passions never found a place.

Ah! yes, thou'rt gone; and never shall I view
Again that form, where loveliness and love
Together blended; those deep eyes of blue,
Whose bright, full glance the coldest heart might move.

Mute is that voice which once so sweetly sung,
Which e'en to trifles could a charm impart:
Hushed is that merry laugh, which echoing rung
A peal of gladness to the coldest heart.

Silent in death she lies; but there is one
Whose heart is cold as is the lovely clay—
Whose hearth and home is comfortless and lone—
Whose dearest earthly tie is torn away.

Deeply a brother may her loss lament,
And all she honoured with the name of friend;
But with an untold woe his heart is rent
Who lost the dearest gift that heaven could send.

Hers was a sunny mind; no cankering cares—
No hidden woes—disturbed her youthful breast;
And now her bright immortal spirit shares
Unfading joys in mansions of the blest.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA.

Thou dark, unfathomed, heaving world
Of mystery;
Thou wild, unbounded, unexplored,
And mighty sea;
What precious treasures lie concealed
In thy dark caves?
What noble breasts in thy drear wastes
Have found their graves?

I care not what thy treasures are,
Thou sullen sea;
Thy glittering gems and diamonds rare
Are nought to me;
But thou hast one of eagle eye
And dauntless breast,
Who, in thy deep and lonely bed,
Hath found a rest.

Sleep on, sleep on, though ocean's roar
Awake thee not;
Though wildest weeds may wrap thee o'er,
Thou'rt not forgot.

A day arrives when earth and hell
Shall quake with dread,
And ocean's depths shall lose their spell,
And yield their dead.

AMBITION.

O, THOU soul-maddening fiend, ambition wild!
Man's dreadful bane, destroyer of his peace—
Thou frenzied, furious demon, wilt thou not
Depart, and leave the racked and tortured heart
To enjoy a moment's respite?
Hast thou not one spark of pity in thine iron breast;
One tear of sympathy which thou could'st drop
To ease the fiery pangs thyself hast raised—
To quench the burnings of thy victim's woe?
Ah! no; insatiate fiend! the hard wrung drops
Which from thine eyelids fall are burning gall,
By dark and dreary disappointment squeezed.
Yes; thou canst weep, and oh! what bitter tears
Can from thy hot and whirling brain be wrung.

Such tears, in secret, do thy victims shed,
Oft, oft at midnight's solemn, silent hour,
When dewy slumber seals in peace the eyes
Of calm, contented labour. Soft he sleeps,
While they are writhing 'neath a load of woe.
That sleep is luxury they may not share;
No cares are his to make him turn and toss
On anguished, restless bed, and bathe his brain
In sorrow's burning fount. But peace is his,
And that contentment which is greater gain
Than worlds won by tears of agony.
But when thy torture comes pale night's sad ear
Is sickening with thy sighs. No dewy sleep
Awaits the victim of ambition wild:
The throbbing brow; the temples wet with pain;
The giddy brain almost to madness whirled;
The burning tears, like lava floods, which flow;
The bosom bursting with its load of woe;
The torn and tortured heart, whose every throb
Is big with agony, which, bleeding, heaves
With disappointment's sharp and cruel pangs.
Yes, yes, thine eyes are red, but not with wine,
And thou art drunk without its powerful aid.
What thousand woes must follow in thy train?
What tortures? all thine own. And for what
Dost thou afflict thy soul? Will thy reward
E'er compensate for all that thou hast lost;

For all that thou hast suffered, and for all
The many sleepless nights and anxious days,
The premature old age, the ruined health?
O! had'st thou all thy utmost wish could claim,
Thy zest is gone, the fruit which seemed so fair
When at a distance, now that 'tis possessed,
Is nought but bitter ashes to thy taste.
And, ah! with what a price 'tis bought! Thy life—
That for which man would give up all things else.
Yet this thou forfeitest—nor thy life alone—
For thy poor soul hath been forgotten in
The chase of fame, and what will worlds avail
If it is lost? Then all is lost, indeed.
But oftener far 'tis otherwise with thee,
For disappointment follows in the train
Of high ambition; and no matter which
Are thine, since both are death, both end the same.
Then would'st thou forfeit life to gain a name
Thou can'st not hear? Fame may take up the trump
And call aloud, and wake a sleepy world,
But thou art cold; thy ear is dull in death;
Thou dost not hear the trumpet's thrilling sound,
For that which woke its peal hath laid thee low.
That death would have been glorious had thy aim
Been to enlighten or reform mankind.
But, if for fame, the empty breath that's tossed
Upon the air, and which the vilest wretch

Has oft gained by his crimes. O, happy they
Whose lot is ignorance, compared with thine!
'Twere even bliss to live and die unknown—
To live the appointed time which God has set—
Then drop in peace into the silent grave.
O! turn, my soul; expel ambition far,
And live contented with thy lot below.
Let not the *ignis fatuus* wile thee on
To strive for that which never may be thine.
But let a higher than ambition guide
Thee in a nobler and a better path—
A path not bordering on the brink of hell,
But leading to a home beyond the skies.
Then what although thy name on earth may die?
'Twill live in heaven to all eternity;
When mad ambition and her fated train
Shall drop into the regions of despair,
And hide for ever 'neath the shades of night.

TO A CANARY BIRD IN AN HOUR OF SORROW.

Dear little songster ! in this trying hour,
Of all around me thou'rt the only friend ;
Thou in mine ear thy tuneful lay dost pour,
And rich and passing sweet thy notes do blend,
And to my care-racked heart a soft relief they send.

Sweet little warbler ! O could'st thou but know
The care and anguish which my bosom wring,
'Twould give thy little heart a tinge of woe ;
But then thou would'st be sad, and would'st not sing,
And 'twould lose the solace which thy music brings.

TO MISS M. E. HOPE.

Dear girl ! thy happy omened name
Speaks pleasure to the heart ;
In joy or sorrow still the same,
O ! who from hope would part.

Hope cheers the sailor on the deep,
The traveller on the shore;
The soldier on the battle-field,
Mid war's terrific roar.

When dangers thicken round our path
And sorrows us distress,
'Tis hope which cheers our spirits up,
And makes us onward press.

'Tis hope assured in life's last hour,
Disarms pale terror's king;
Takes from the lonely grave its power,
From sin and death their sting.

When those dear links which bind to earth,
In death and ruins lie,
Hope, bright-eyed maid of heaven, appears,
And points beyond the sky.

O may her presence cheer thee on
Through every changing scene;
Nor falsely may her beacon shine
With gay delusive dream.

May truth's bright sun before thee shine,
And love thy steps attend;

And may that hope, dear girl, be thine,
Which maketh not ashamed.

When happy as thy happy name,
Shall close thy life's career;
In hope of brighter joys to come,
Undimmed by sorrow's tear.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

Ah! what a change! in one brief hour
Thy kindred spirit's gone;
And like a blasted, blighted flower,
I'm left to pine alone.

No longer shall thy bosom beat
In sympathy with mine;
No longer shall thy tears be shed
For woes which were not thine.

And never more shall I behold,
That sweet and placid smile;

Which, like the radiant star of hope,
  Could all my griefs beguile.

Those eyes, alas, are sealed in death,
  And mute that tuneful voice,
Which like a pleasant melody,
  Could bid my heart rejoice.

And ah, that warm and bursting heart,
  Which felt for every woe,
Is still and silent as the grave,
  Where it must shortly go.

So young in years, so old in grief,
  So spotless and so fair ;
So kind, so good ; ah, could not death
  Such noble virtues spare.

Oh, no ! his stern relentless hand
  Heeds not the floweret rare ;
But strikes the blow at heaven's command,
  Which calls to all—prepare.

Prepare, for life must shortly cease ;
  And dreary is the path
Which leads the trembling soul across
  The dark, deep vale of death.

Then, while I view that lovely form,
Extended on the bier;
And, when the anguish of my soul
Calls forth the silent tear.

Lord, grant thy holy spirit's aid,
To change this stubborn heart;
That, as in life our souls were knit,
In death we may not part.

ON VISITING HER GRAVE.

Without a stone to mark the spot
Where lies in death's embrace,
As fair a form, of earthly mould,
As human eye might trace—
A form of light, of love, and joy,
Which even death could not destroy.

With the unhonoured lowly dead,
Thou hast been laid to rest,
Where stranger feet may heedless tread
O'er thy beloved breast;

But thy pure spirit soared above
Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

And calm and sweet thy sleep must be,
  Beneath that lowly sod,
Where sorrow's tear is shed o'er thee,
  And grief's low sigh is heard ;
Sheltered from life's rude vain alarms,
In death's still cold, yet kindly arms.

Nought shall disturb thy peaceful sleep,
  No anguish shalt thou know ;
Relieved from all the ills which keep
  Their watch with man below ;
Here thy beloved dust shall lie
Till the last trump peals from on high.

Then wilt thou hear the solemn call,
  Which bids the dead arise,
And starting into life and light,
  Rise glorious to the skies ;
O may it be my joy to meet
With thy loved spirit at Jesus' feet.

Washed in my Saviour's cleansing blood
  From each polluting stain,

Redeemed from sin with all its woe,
From guilt with all its pain;
May we our grateful voices raise
To God in Christ's eternal praise.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

O DEAR Caledonia, bright gem of the sea,
Thou once honoured land of the brave and the free,
Thy glory is tarnished, thy beauty laid low;
'Tis the monster intemperance has given thee the blow.

O where are thy heroes so dauntless and brave,
Who have fought thy fierce battles by mountain and wave;
Thy bold, and thy noble, thy patriot sons,
Who for liberty fought, and so gloriously won?

O where are thy martyrs, thy glory and pride?
Who so meekly have suffered, so nobly have died;
Whose prayers for their country ascended to God,
As they watered that dear native soil with their blood.

Alas! beloved land, thy bold warriors are fled—
Thy Bruce and thy Wallace lie low with the dead;
And thy martyrs whose ashes have hallowed thy ground,
In a far better country with glory are crowned.

O my dear native country, why groanest thou so?
Ah, it is for thy ruin, thy misery, thy woe;
The monster intemperance is stalking abroad,
Defying thy honour, thy glory, thy God.

And where, dearest land, are thy sons' glowing fires?
Are there none who inhabit the soul of their sires?
O, where are thy daughters, so gentle and kind,
Are their bosoms not glowing to rescue their kind?

Are there none who will venture this tyrant to brave?
Shall he make of our free-born Britons his slaves?
Has Scotia no David to go sling in hand,
And defy this Goliah, this curse of our land?

Yes, thanks to our God, who has raised not a few,
In our green Sister Island a Mathew we view;
And in Scotland are names which can ne'er be forgot,
While liberty glows in the breast of a Scot.

O join them, ye Christians of every creed,
'Tis the cause of your country, the cause of your God;

Erase the foul spot which has sullied your name ;
And Scotland stands first in the annals of fame.

O ye who are fathers ! come dare to be brave—
Come set the example your country to save ;
From his throne and his seat this foul monster to hurl,
And the unsullied banner of temperance unfurl.

Ye mothers of Scotia ! O lend us your aid,
Look to him who is power, and be not afraid ;
O think on those children so dear to your mind,
And say could you wish them the slaves of the fiend ?

Arise for your country, ye bold gallant youth !
Whose hearts burn with freedom, with honour, and truth ;
O join in our cause, it will not be in vain,
For the battle's the Lord's, and the victory you'll gain.

Ye daughters of Scotland ! to you would we call,
Before you this foe of your country must fall ;
For yours are the weapons of kindness and love,
Which draw down a blessing from heaven above.

While the patriot spirit is glowing within,
And our efforts united to crush this fell sin ;
Heaven will crown our endeavours with certain success,
And a blessing from God on our country will rest.

Then plant the bright standard by land and by sea,
The standard of temperance, the pure and the free;
Let our country rejoice, and her foes sink in gloom,
For the peal of her joy is the knell of her doom.

A SKETCH.

Thou start'st—the mystery's out—I guess it all;
But fear not, fear not, woman though I be,
Thy soul's deep secret I shall ne'er reveal,
Nor ought on earth shall ever wring from me
That which hath cost thee so much agony.

I know thy feelings by thy tearful eyes—
Those tell tales of the heart to unnerve which wait;
What though the world may sneer, I can despise
Their cold, unfeeling, selfish, prudish prate,
And love thee more because unfortunate.

Thou art more dear than ever to this heart,
Because thy soul is crushed, and there are few
In this dark world to whom thou can'st impart
Grief such as thine; but let it rest, I know
Enough of human ill to share thy bosom's woe.

Give me thy hand in friendship's holy grasp—
More closely we're united through thy woe ;
And shall an empty smile or sneer unclasp
The hearts which love had knit, long, long ago ;
When the world's face is cold, then friendship's sun
should glow.

THE WISH.

" O that I had wings like a dove,
Then would I flee away and be at rest."

O would I were far, far away o'er the ocean,
A voyage to some foreign strand ;
Far away o'er the depth of its dark heaving bosom—
From the shores of my dear native land.

Away from stern poverty's cold chilly blast—
From its narrow and stinted controul ;
Away from the friends who are hollow and false,
And have stung to the depths of my soul.

Away from a home which has proved so unkind—
From its sights and its sounds of distress ;
Away from the wounds of my own haughty mind—
O would I were far o'er thy breast !

Away from the gaze of an unfeeling world,
And from rotten hypocrisy's guile ;
Away from the sneer of contempt which has curled
On lips where I sought for a smile.

Away from the feelings which torture my brain—
From dreams which too quickly depart ;
Away from reality's vulture-like pain,
Which has torn, and is tearing my heart.

Away from a land which is cold to my sight—
Away from the graves of its dead ;
Away from the scenes of my childhood's delight,
And the memory of joys that are fled.

For those who have loved me have sunk to their rest,
And the friends of my childhood are gone ;
And I'm left in youth's morning on life's dreary waste,
Uncared for, unheeded, alone.

I have twined like the ivy round friendship's fair tree ;
But, alas ! it has withered and died ;

I have loved, and thou knowest, thou dark rolling sea!
There are hearts 'neath thy merciless tide.

O had I the wings of a dove I would flee
In search of a home o'er thy breast,
Till the summons arrives which my spirit sets free,
And then, surely then, I shall rest.

TO W. HOPE,

ON HEARING OF HIS MARRIAGE.

Dear ——, good bye; for when people get wed,
Old friends and old friendships soon cease;
Sweet Hope has forsaken me now, I'm afraid,
But I've better than Hope while I've Peace;
For Hope is deceitful, and Beauty is vain,
And Love is at best a blind wooer;
And Fortune is fickle, and hard to obtain,
And slights us the more we pursue her.

But the rich melting glories of Peace who can tell?
'Tis like rapture when dying away,

Or the zephyr of eve to the toil-worn soul
  Which has borne the full blazon of day.
Then, why did I trust to a rover like thee,
  When I knew thee so prone to deceive me ?
Thou hast promised me joys which I never shall see,
  And, flatterer ! too oft I believed thee.

Yes, Hope, you deceiver, you fooled me too long,
  And I found you as false as you're fair ;
And now, little bee, I'm delighted to find,
  That at last you are caught in the snare.
Yes, I'm glad Mr Hymen has caught you at last,
  And I wish you much joy in your marriage ;
And when fortune, the fickle jade, gives me a cast,
  I'll give you a call—in my carriage.

TO W. HOPE,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Thy heart is sad, and lorn thy breast,
  For all thy loved are gone,
And thou on ocean's trackless waste
  Art cheerless and alone.

The morn breaks bright to all save thee,
  Within thy gallant bark ;
The waves dance on the crystal sea,
  But all to thee is dark.

For one by one were forced to go—
  O not a link was left ;
And thee of all save grief and woe,
  Relentless death has reft.

Before thou left'st thy native land,
  Thou sawest a loved one laid
By death's stern all triumphant hand,
  In her last lonely bed.

Yet, still one tender tie was left—
  One fond and faithful breast,
Where thou could'st lay thine anguished head,
  And vent thy soul's distress.

But thou hadst deeper griefs to bear,
  And darker woes to see,
And no confiding breast to share
  Thy bosom's agony.

Thou sawest the last and best beloved,
  Torn from thy fond embrace ;

She sunk, and oh ! thou could'st not save,
From death's relentless grasp.

Thou laid'st her not 'mong kindred dead,
Nor in the stranger's grave,
But where the fair and brave are laid,
Beneath the dark blue wave.

Old ocean wore its calmest form,
The day thou laid'st her there,
For he could not receive in storm,
A thing so pure and fair.

His waters parted and received
For ever from thy sight,
Into their deep and darksome caves,
Thy heart's last beacon light.

They met, they closed with awful sound,
And sealed for aye her fate ;
The sun shone bright on all around,
But thou wert desolate.

I've seen thee mourn the earliest loved,
The friend and parent dear ;
And thou hast wept a sister's death,
With sorrow's bitter tear ;

But this, the saddest, keenest grief,
Has pierced thy bosom through ;
For she was all thou hadst on earth,
The last and dearest too.

Oft, oft, my thoughts are far away,
In fancy's realms with thee,
Wending thy solitary way
Across the lonely sea.

O would I could but share thy grief,
Thine anguish dark and deep,
That she who shared thy joy so oft,
Might also with thee weep.

But tears from me were all in vain ;
All idly would they flow ;
They could not ease thy bosom's pain,
Or wash away thy woe.

Then turn your thoughts, afflicted soul,
To the afflicted's God ;
To Him, the ever merciful,
Who holds the chastening rod.

He only knows thy bosom's grief,
And He, and only He,

Can pour the balm of sweet relief,
O'er all thy misery.

Then, when the ties which bind to earth,
Are all asunder riven,
O may you rise in hope and faith,
And find your lost in heaven.

ON THE RETURN OF WINTER.

Old hoary winter, thou'rt returned once more ;
Once more I welcome thee—I love thee dear,
Though gone the feelings I have known before,
At seeing thee return to close the year,
And bring the new one in. Oft I've rejoiced
With childhood's eager joy to see thee come,
To hear the winds resume their well known voice,
And whistling o'er my head striking me dumb
With fear, yet with delight, for I was none
Of sunny summer's children—I loved more
To watch the wild waves foaming on the shore ;
To see the lightning's flash, or hear the thunder's awful roar.

Those days, those feelings, hopes, and fears are fled ;
Still Winter ! still I love thy bleak return ;
Friends have been numbered with the silent dead,
And thou remind'st me with thine aspect stern,
Of the dark winter of the lonely grave,
Where lie entombed, the dear, the justly dear—
The young and lovely who fair promise gave,
With their sweet fellowship life's path to cheer ;
But they are gone, and I still linger here ;
How long I know not ; but the hour is near,
Near at the farthest, when the wintry winds
O'er that lone grave shall sigh and make their moan,
Where I forgotten lie, unknowing and unknown.

TO NEWARK CASTLE, PORT-GLASGOW.

Where is thy pomp, and thy pride, and thy glory ;
Dark ruin of ages moss-covered and grey ;
Mouldering pile, scene of many a red foray,
Big with the tidings of nature's decay.

Where are the banners which proudly have floated,
To the wild breeze of heaven thy victories to tell?
Where are the brave to thy ramparts who flocked?
Where are the minstrels thy triumphs who swelled?

All, all are mute; thou alone art remaining,
Sad wreck of the past, of the days that are gone,
Still towering sublime; lovely even in ruin,
None gaze on thee coldly, thou desolate one.

ent those halls which with mirth have resounded,
Or echoed the tread of the fair and the brave;
Decayed are the floors where light footsteps have bounded,
And cold are thy hearths as the slabs of the grave.

Ages have rolled since the days of thy story,
And brave hearts have sunk to their dreamless repose;
Rude storms have burst o'er thy battlements hoary,
And eyes, bright with love, in dull death have been closed.

Seed-time and harvest have rolled in their season;
Summer and winter have come and have gone;
Nations have groaned 'neath the chains of oppression,
And liberty's sun upon others hath shone.

War's brazen trumpet hath pealed its loud summons,
And roused into arms an infuriate world;

The blood of the brave has bedewed our dark mountains,
And the tyrants in turn from their places been hurled.

Superstition has deluged our land for a season,
With the blood of her noblest, her holiest sons;
But their spirits looked back from the portals of heaven,
And cheered on the brave who the victory have won.

Error's dark mist has been swept from our island,
And the sun of the Gospel has gloriously shone;
Peace her olive has planted propitiously smiling,
And long may we nurse it in honour, our own.

Yes, war's gory blade has been sheathed in its scabbard,
And not all inglorious is the peace which ensued;
For our shackles are burst, and our conscience unfettered,
And the land is the Lord's, which the red blood hath bedewed.

While Clyde, Queen of rivers, in pride and in beauty,
Has rolled her blue waters along to the main,
Or borne on her bosom to yonder proud city,
The treasures of Empires, again and again.

Long thy dark walls have gazed on that mirror of glory,
Where heaven was reflected from each laughing wave;
While Britannia's oak bulwarks has swept on before thee,
Bearing death to the tyrant, and peace to the brave.

And long may'st thou stand in thy sad, silent grandeur,
And lift thine old forehead to ages unborn ;
Though decayed is thy glory, and sunk is thy splendour,
And sadness and gloom shroud thy once noble form.

And ne'er may'st thou merge from the gloom which surrounds thee,
To make up the spirit of days which are gone ;
No ! may deepest oblivion for ever enshroud thee,
Ere man should forget that his brother is man.

Farewell, noble ruin ! thy warriors are sleeping ;
Thy proud hearts have ceased, and thy minstrels are gone ;
Thy banners are soiled in the dust of oblivion ;
Yet thou stand'st like the eagle, majestic, alone.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Dear home, where memory's busy hand
Wove round my heart her potent spell ;
Old honoured Scotland ! hallowed land !
Another wanderer leaves thy strand,
And sighs farewell.

Land of my birth, farewell, farewell!
Perhaps I ne'er may see thee more;
The future's hid; 'tis wise and well
That erring man may never tell
What lies before.

And thou, fair Clyde, a long adieu!
Dear beauteous river of my sires;
Deep gratitude from me's thy due,
For first upon thy waters blue
I touched the lyre.

Scenes where my childhood loved to stray,
I leave you; yet no woman's tears
The secrets of my heart betray;
With eyes unwet I turn away,
Still are ye dear.

Yes, island of the great and good;
Land of the brave, the firm, the free,
Whose heath received the martyr's blood,
Whose sons 'mid fire and smoke have stood
'Gainst tyrant slavery.

I love thee well; my fond heart twines
Around thee, bleak although thou be,

I think upon thy deeds sublime,
And rear me proud to call thee mine,
Dear land of liberty.

Yes, Caledonia, stern and hoar,
Clime where my fathers' bones repose,
My heart is on thy sea-girt shore;
May heaven protect it, as of yore,
'Gainst all thy foes.

And deep in dark oblivion's grave,
Be avarice and dishonour thrown;
Still be thou generous, kind, and brave,
In deed and mind, tyrant and slave,
Alike unknown.

Still may'st thou guard with holy zeal
The treasures bought with Scottish blood.
Let little minds and cowards yield;
My mountain land has never kneeled
But to her God.

Oh ne'er may discord's poisonous breath
Taint the pure ether of thy clime;
Far from thee fly disease and death;
May heaven's best gifts, peace, love, and health,
Be ever thine.

Farewell, my home! from thee I part;
But while through other lands I roam,
Thou'lt still be graven on my heart,
The dearest on the wide world's chart,
My beautiful, my own.

LINES

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE "ANN JOHNSTON," ON A PASSAGE FROM GREENOCK TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

If there be magic in a name,
As many venture to declare,
Then well may'st thou, Ann Johnston, claim
An ample share.

Yes, daughter of the deep, thou may'st,
For she whose name was given to thee,
Was one whose equal on life's stage
We seldom see.

A Christian lowly, meek, and mild,
Yet firm in virtue's sacred cause,

By wealth untainted—undefiled
By fashion's laws.

She shone among the great and good
A star of heavenly truth and grace ;
She died lamented, and how few
Can fill her place !

Oh ! deeply Greenock mourned her loss,
And let her tears unwonted fall,
She was each circle's pride and boast—
The loved of all.

The pattern of that lovely band [1]
Who pled before the Saviour's throne,
The wife, the mother, and the friend,
Combined in one.

Her presence bade bright hope arise,
And poverty's lean aspect cheered ;
In woman's highest, holiest guise
She aye appeared.

Nor did society's outcast pale
Turn broken-hearted from her door,
Christ-like she bade the wretched rise,
And sin no more.

Ah! well might Greenock's daughters weep
The gentle one who dared be brave;
And well might misery's victim steep
With tears her grave.

No coward fears restrained her feet
From crime's lone cell: by love made bold,
She strove to win the wanderer back
To Jesus' fold.

But cease, my muse; Ann Johnston's name
Is far above a lay like thine,
In records of eternal fame
'Twill glorious shine.

Yes, when the marble and the brass
Have crumbled 'neath the stroke of time,
Above the ruins of a world
'Twill rise sublime.

Then if there's magic in a name,
As many venture to declare,
O well may'st thou, Ann Johnston, claim
An ample share.

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[1] The Maternal Association.

TO A BEAUTIFUL DUMB BOY,

WHO COMPLAINED TO ME THAT ANOTHER CHILD HAD TAKEN HIS HOOP.

What aileth thee, my lovely boy?
A tear is on thy rich ripe cheek,
And thy soul flashes from thine eye,
Say, who hath wronged thee? tell me, speak.
I see the blood, warm from thy heart,
Rush to thy brow; and thy bright eye
Thy story with a force impart
That all the powers of speech defy.

Thou gazest in my face, fair boy;
But thy mute, silent, tuneless tongue
Refuseth to assist thine eye,
Or tell the story of thy wrong;
But O! that look, those gestures, tell
Thy tale as words could ne'er express—
Another child has done thee ill,
And thou dost seek from me redress.

Another child more blest than thee,
Hath played the petty tyrant's part—
Hath robbed thee of an hour of glee,
And trampled on thy bleeding heart ;
And how dost thou apply to me,
A passing stranger ? Doth thy fate
Lead thee to read the soul, and see
Who feels for the unfortunate ?

Or did'st thou think that heart was cold
Which could thy mute petition spurn ;
That none who owned a human soul
Could from thy silent pleading turn ?
What were thy thoughts I cannot learn,
But thou hast not applied in vain ;
Nor shalt thou disappointed turn—
Thy hoop shall be restored again.

O ! how thy mother's heart must yearn
O'er thee, her fair afflicted child !
And then thy sire, his breast may burn
With deeper woe, because less wild ;
How they will brush the curling hair
From off thy fair and polished brow,
And kiss those lips from which they ne'er
Shall listen to the music's flow.

How they will gaze into those eyes—
Those speaking eyes of glorious black,
And with what painful pleasure trace
The graces on thy dimpled cheek ;
And how thou wilt return their gaze,
Nor comprehend their soul's distress,
But try thy little arts to please,
With all an infant's tenderness.

Poor child ! thou scarcely yet dost know
The anguish thou art doomed to bear,
The weight of agony and woe
Which fall to the afflicted's share ;
Already dost thou feel in part
Thy dreadful loss ; even children show
The spirit of the world, and take
Advantage of each other's woe.

But 'tis in youth, in manhood, thou
Shalt feel the deep, the voiceless pain ;
'Tis when affection's holy glow
Shall be repaid with cold disdain.
Yes, thou must battle with the world,
And feel how heartless is its doom ;
And it may shroud thy heart in cold
And sullen misanthropic gloom.

But could'st thou meet one gentle heart
To love thee for thy heart alone—
One firm enough to meet the smart
Of the world's cold and jeering tone—
Thou still might'st hope for peace and rest.
The dearest sanctuary from woe
Is the beloved and faithful breast,
Which meets us with affection's glow.

There's naught within the fair confines,
Of earth, or ocean, can compare
With the sweet peace the lorn one finds
When some loved breast his feelings share;
When he can pour his cares and toils
Into a bosom all his own,
And whether fortune frowns or smiles,
Feel that it beats for him alone.

And O! may such a lot be thine,
Thou beautiful, afflicted boy;
To make thee breast the world's disdain,
Yet triumph in thine inward joy.
My heart is with thee, lovely child!
O may thy God His grace impart,
And 'mid life's jarring tempest wild,
May heavenly peace pervade thy heart.

A LAY FOR ERIN.

The sun's setting rays had empurpled the ocean,
As proudly our good ship careered on the wave ;
My bosom beat high with a thrilling emotion,
For far in our wake lay the homes of the brave.

Yes ! in bold blue relief lay thy hills, Caledonia,
In stern frowning grandeur they fronted the sky ;
I thought thee sublime and alone in thy glory,
And the pride of my heart rose in fire to my eye.

'Tis my own, I exclaimed, the proud land of my fathers,
Where tyrants have trembled again and again ;
'Tis the land which the blood of my forefathers watered,
The land that ne'er bowed to a conqueror's chain.

O Scotia ! how bright are thine annals of story,
How proudly they glow upon history's page,
And kindle emotions of honour and glory,
Alike in the bosom of youth and of age.

I turned, and my eye roamed across the blue ocean,
Where often the dreams of my childhood had been,
Where reposing in beauty and peace on its bosom,
Lay the isle of the shamrock—how gloriously green.

My own high souled Scotia ! with none I compare thee ;
Thou art throned in my heart as the foremost of earth ;
But Erin's fair isle is for beauty before thee,
O would that her children but valued her worth !

Fair island, where sunshine, where beauty and gladness,
Where peace, love, and plenty seem destined to dwell ;
O wherefore should ruin, and famine, and sadness,
Turn the heaven of thy beautiful bosom to hell ?

Wherever the fault, 'tis not thine, lovely island,
Not niggard the gifts which thy valleys bestow—
Not harsh is thy clime, nor unfruitful thy bosom,
Then why dost thou languish in sorrow and woe ?

Ah ! silent and cold are the breasts that adored thee—
Thy Grattan and Curran lie low in the tomb ;
While hard hearted harpies have ruined and spoiled thee,
And sunk thy bold spirit in sorrow and gloom.

O for the spirit, the strength of a Byron ;
O for the wild melting numbers of Moore,

To paint the emotions which rose in my bosom
At sight of a land I had sighed for before.

Wake, wake, thy proud harp, thou fair daughter of Erin, [1]
Let Doon's gushing bosom re-echo thy song;
Wake for thy country, so dear to thy bosom,
Nor yield to a stranger what's due to thine own.

Fair beautiful land, to behold thee's to love thee;
Nor marvel I now that a Byron could mourn,
And pour his great soul out in anguish above thee,
While he envied thy dead in their cold peaceful urn.

Thy night has been long, but the day is now breaking;
One bright star of glory has risen 'mid thy gloom,
Thy Mathew, a name which shall ne'er be forgotten,
Though unwritten in blood upon liberty's tomb.

Far nobler his aim—far more glorious his mission,
To teach thy brave sons to be true to themselves,
Nor bow them in abject and slavish submission
To the fiend who had held them enchained in his toils.

When the name of the warrior is sunk in oblivion,
Or only remembered with anguish and woe,
Thy name, meek apostle of temperance and freedom!
Like a beacon of love o'er life's ocean shall glow.

And thou, beauteous land—yes, thou yet shalt be glorious!
Not long shalt thou languish in sorrow and gloom;
But 'tis thine own arm which must make thee victorious;
O trust not a stranger, 'twill deepen thy tomb.

Farewell, lovely isle of the ocean! I leave thee,
Although but a stranger, my tear thou'st beguiled;
Farewell, though I never again should behold thee,
Thou'lt not be forgot, nature's beautiful child.

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[1] Miss Parker, a native of Ireland, resident in Ayr, authoress of some beautiful poems.

FAREWELL.

"——— O more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word, farewell, farewell."—Byron.

Farewell! with what a solemn sound
That word falls on my ear;
It peals the very knell of hope,
The signal for a tear;

The breaker up of sacred ties,
  Grief's deep and sunken well;
O, who can tell what anguish lies
  In that brief word—FAREWELL?

The youth, who for the first time leaves
  His dear, his native home—
Perhaps o'er dark and stormy seas
  Or distant lands to roam—
Long gazes through his falling tears,
  While big his bosom swells
With its first sigh of bitterness
  At that dark word, farewell.

The first deep sigh has heaved his heart—
  The first wild throb is given—
The first salt tear is forced to start—
  The first dear link is riven;
But ah! he feels 'tis not the last,
  'Tis the presaging knell
Of years of bitterness to come,
  That first, that sad farewell.

The youth departs; but ah! whate'er
  May be his future lot,
Through life's rough, varying, stern career,
  That hour is ne'er forgot.

Still memory sees the pearly tears
From some bright eyes which fell,
And still some long lost voice she hears
Pronounce its fond farewell.

The friends who through life's wilderness,
Have journeyed hand in hand,
Whose very heart strings have been wove
In friendship's holy band,
Behold them severed ; but what hand
Shall dare to raise the veil
From those pained hearts whose inmost core
Is rent in that farewell.

The thunder's pathway through the heaven
Is known to God alone ;
Man sees the skies with lightning riven,
And hears its awful groan,
As peal on peal bursts on his ear
With loud terrific roar ;
Awe-struck, he trembles and admires—
But he can do no more.

So is the heart's deep sanctuary,
Which torn and bleeding lies,
A dark chaotic waste of woe,
Unseen by mortal eyes ;

Each throb is big with agony,
Too deep for tongue to tell;
We only hear the bursting sigh,
The faltering, wild farewell.

Perhaps the dark deep grave has closed
Within its cold embrace,
The object of our earliest love,
Our heart's sole happiness;
And the lone bosom wakes to feel
That broken is the spell
Which bound to earth, when those cold lips
Breathed forth their last farew[illegible]

The poor unfortunate, who long
Has struggled with stern fate,
And journeyed sad and cheerless on
Through scenes of sorrow great;
Behold him sink, o'erwhelmed by woes
With which he cannot cope,
In silence yielding to his fate,
He sighs farewell to hope.

The wretch, whose crimes have woke, at last,
The scorpion lash of woe,
Within a breast whose barren waste
Ne'er felt affection's glow,

Now wakes at length to pain without
A prospect of release;
In all the horrors of despair,
He bids farewell to peace.

The dying saint, when called to quit
Life's toilsome, weary road,
With deep delight his bosom hear
The summons of his God.
Behold him gaze with streaming eyes,
On all he loved so well;
Then mount by faith beyond the skies,
And bid them all farewell.

"Farewell! farewell! green earth," he cries,
"Farewell, sun, moon, and sky;
Farewell, affection's tender ties,
And pity's sacred sigh;
Farewell, hope's dear, delusive dream,
And love's too potent spell;
Farewell, dear friends, we'll meet again—
To each, to all, farewell.

"Farewell, affliction's agonies;
Farewell, sin, pain and woe;
Farewell, the cares and miseries
Which wait on man below.

Now, welcome heaven, and heavenly peace,
From interruption free,
And welcome death, the path which leads
To long eternity !"

The bitterness of death is past,
The pangs of parting o'er,
The mourners stand with tearful eyes,
They hear his voice no more ;
But he in realms beyond the skies
The song of triumph swells,
And feels how trifling were the joys
To which he bade farewell.

Farewell ! thy very sound is sad ;
Like minstrel's harp of old, [1]
Thy deep prophetic strings are toned
To sorrows yet untold.
But like that harp, thou too canst wake
With wild, enrapturing swell,
Sweet luxury, which is thine own,
And only thine, farewell.

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[1] See Scott's Lady of the Lake.

TALK TO ME OF MY HOME.

Talk to me of my home,
That dear though distant land
Which memory loves to ponder on—
Where swell the mountains grand,
Where roll the rivers free,
Where the valleys ring with song,
And the flocks sport wantonly
'Mong the heath-bells all day long.
O tell me of my home.

Talk to me of my home;
For 'tis music to my ear,
To hear the bold free tone
Of the language I love dear;
And it warms the exile's heart,
When he grasps the friendly hand
Of some honest-hearted son
Of his own beloved land,
His ne'er forgotten home.

Talk to me of my home,
For this land is cold to me;
My heart is sick and lone,
The dew is in my e'e;
Yet there's beauty in this clime;
Nature's pencil, wild and grand,
Throws a glory bold, sublime,
And majestic o'er this land;
But 'tis not, 'tis not my home.

Talk to me of my home,
The land of Sabbath bells;
Where mercy's gladdening streams
Gush from salvation's wells;
Where the glorious gospel's voice
Is proclaimed far and wide;
And the songs of Zion rise
From the cottager's fireside.
O tell me of that land.

Talk to me of my home,
Where the holy martyrs sleep;
Where they show the old gray stones
'Mong the heath, which make us weep,
Where Cameron, Peden, Knox,
And a firm, unflinching band,

Of Emmanuel's warriors sleep
'Midst the glories of that land,
Which I'm proud to call my own.

Talk to me of my home,
God's covenanted isle;
Tell of the glorious deeds
Which have won Jehovah's smile;
'Mong our everlasting hills,
Tell how our fathers stood
For Christ's covenant and crown,
And secured it with their blood,
For their offspring and their home.

Talk to me of my home,
For my heart, my heart is there;
And methinks I hear the tone
Of the warm impassioned prayer.
Of the wrestling at the throne,
And refusing to depart
Till the blessing be poured down
On our kirks and on our hearts,
On our country and our home.

Talk to me of my home;
Are there some who heed her not?

Are the lessons of the hearth
  And the mother's prayers forgot?
Is the Bible which she gave,
  And the precepts it imparts,
Forgotten or erased
  From their cold and chilly hearts?
    O, tell me, is it so?

Talk to me of my home;
  Even of each degenerate child
Who makes his brother moan,
  Be he e'er so rude or wild;
Here the good seed has been sown,
  Though the rubbish may obscure,
And the heart will turn again
  To the memories of yore,
    And with tears will seek its home.

Talk to me of my home,
  For there's music in the word;
Where'er o'er earth we roam,
  Still, like Noah's weary bird,
No resting place we find,
  But the aching bosom burns
With a restlessness of mind,
  And a longing to return
    To its birth-place and its home.

My dear, my mountain home!
Though severed far from thee,
My heart-strings fondly twine
Around thy memory;
Thou'lt never be forgot,
Loved country of my birth,
For the birthright of a Scot
Is my greatest pride on earth;
And it springs from thee, my home. [1.]

[1.] ANSWER TO M. S. PEACE'S "TALK TO ME OF MY HOME," BY E. MARKS.

YES! I'll speak to thee of home,
Sweet minstrel of the north,
For although obliged to roam,
Still the mind doth shadow forth
Recollections of the past—of the land we call our own,
Of early by-gone days, and the deeds by fathers done.
Yes! I'll speak to thee of home.

"Land of mountain and of flood,"
Land of Wallace and the Bruce,
Where they Edward's hordes withstood
And ne'er showed the flag of truce.
Bannockburn, that glorious field, stands foremost in array,
The patriot's sword to wield, or the poet's pen to sway.
Yes! I'll speak to thee of home.

In Mary, hapless queen, unerringly we trace
(Though misfortunes crowd the scene)
The high blood of heroic race;

She laid, with Christian meekness, her head upon the block,
And, looking up to Heaven, like a martyr bore the shock.
Yes! I'll speak to thee of home.

And then, the bold reformers,
Who for their country's good
The covenant they sought,
And sealed it with their blood.
Unflinchingly, and daringly, the onward path they sped,
And ne'er gave up their claims till numbered with the dead.
Yes! I'll speak to thee of home.

And Burns, the noble-hearted,
Friend of freedom, of mankind,
Whose glory ne'er departed,
For his lays he left behind.
Nature owns him for her poet, true child of poesy!
He has written for his country in strains that ne'er will die.
Yes! I'll speak to thee of home.

Now Scott, the lord of fiction,
Demands the meed of praise,
He by his lofty diction
The cloth of gold could raise.
For in his gorgeous pages chivalric deeds are told
Of Christian Knight and Paynim, who flourished of old.
Yes! I'll speak to thee of home.

Unnumbered are the sons of which thy land may boast,
But of its living worthies pass not Rae Wilson by;
Of science and of learning he is in himself a host,
And with Jeffrey I finish the brilliant galaxy.
Yes! I'll speak to thee of home.

This land is as thine own,
Cold and bleak to outward view,

But in it there are hearts
"Ever leal and true;"
And though no stirring deeds in its annals can be told,
Her sons, as firm as adamant, would not be bribed by gold.
Then I'll speak to thee of home.

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING LINES BY E. MARKS.

Dear lady, though thou'rt not a Scot,
Yet my bleak land hath charms for thee,
For British blood hath warmed that heart
Which glows with love and liberty,
And brings to mind the days of yore,
When war called forth our bright claymore.

When Scotia's sires, a daring band,
Stood forth on many a gory field,
And, for the freedom of their land,
Drained their best blood before they'd yield,
And left a land, which force nor guile
Could e'er enslave—my own loved isle.

But now, thank heaven, these days are by,
And peace sits smiling at our gate;
Now we can pause and heave a sigh
For hapless, lovely Mary's fate—
Whose noble, proud, and graceful form
Broke, but ne'er bent, beneath the storm.

Poor Queen! 'twas sad in beauty's bloom,
'Mid all her ripe and clustering charms,
To sink to an untimely tomb,
Where proferred friendship oped its arms:
Like Judas' kiss, false woman's faith
In snaky folds invites to death.

But now a brighter era dawns,
Emmanuel's standard is unfurled;
His crown and covenant wave again,
A beacon to a fallen world;
And Scotia's heath-clad hills arise
Sublimely 'neath their native skies.

The cause is won—the land's the Lord's;
Though basely have her sons forgot
Their sires' hands clave unto their swords
Ere they would yield a single jot,
Or place their Saviour's blood-bought crown
On human head, howe'er renowned.

And now our sons of genius come—
  Scotia's beloved immortal bards;
Her Burns, who for his country sung,
  And found the poet's fixed reward—
Neglect; but now the minstrel's gone
And needs not bread, we give a stone.

But hush, my muse; such themes are sad;
  The land of bards, its joys and woes
I've left behind; but oh! my heart
  It beats the same where'er it goes:
No time can change—no clime controul
The feelings of the free-born soul.

And yet I love this sea-girt land,
  For it reminds me of my own;
Its features stern and boldly grand
  Proclaim it surely freedom's home:
Her brave and hardy sons of toil
Were nurtured on no sickly soil.

'Tis cold indeed; but ah! more warm
  To Scottish hearts those hills of snow
Than all the richly perfumed charms
  Of climes which bask beneath the glow
Of summer's bright eternal reign:
For who could love even splendid chains?

No, no! ye selfish, sickly throng,
  Your slavish pomp can never vie
With the bold freemen—virtue's own,
  Whose every look breathes liberty;
Nor can your soulless slaves compare
With Britain's guileless daughters fair.

For thee, whose kindly bosom glows
  O'er the lone stranger's home-sick lay;
Ne'er may'st thou know an exile's woes,
  Or from thy home be forced to stray;
But O, may peace and plenty smile
Upon thee in thine own loved isle.

But should misfortune's mildew blight
  The buds of hope which charm thy soul,
God give thee grace in sorrow's night
  To triumph o'er and conquer all,
By looking to that home above
Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

TO A LADY.

O, THERE was peace upon thy gentle brow,
And there was beauty in thy soft blue eye;
But there was something which perplexed me so,
And darkened all—a cloud athwart the sky;
Something which told that grief, or pain, or care,
Had fixed their seal indelibly there.

There was a heavenly sweetness in thy smile,
A holy meekness in thy downcast gaze;
Music was on thy lips, which might beguile
Even envy's tongue to whisper forth thy praise.
But there were unculled drops, which oft would flow,
To tell thy heart was crushed long, long ago.

Oft I've beheld thee when no other eye,
Save heaven's and mine unseen, was watching near,
Thy blue eyes fixed upon their native sky,
And their long lashes trembling with a tear,
As if thou saidst, "To thee, O Lord, to thee
I bare my breast, and crave thy sympathy."

And often, often, have I likened thee
To midnight's glorious queen, as on she trod
Her heavenly path, in peace and purity—
Most beautiful, like all the works of God:
Sad, solitary, and alone she seems,
Though thousand stars are glorying in her beams.

And I have wondered much why one so young,
So good, so kind, so lovely, formed for love,
Should seem so sad; and much my brain I wrung,
The ways of Providence intent to prove;
How virtue's paths should not be paths of peace,
Or how thou should'st have missed its happiness.

Such were my childish thoughts; but years have rolled;
Once more I gaze upon that lovely face,
Once more the same sweet lineaments behold,
The same meek, modest dignity and grace;
For time hath wrought no ravages on thee—
The same twelve years ago that thou wert yesterday.

And this much only have I learned—that all
Mankind have private sorrows, more or less,
And they who keep them private miss the gall
Which the world sheds upon the soul's distress.
For the few drops of consolation given
To calm life's troubled waters flow from heaven.

I would not pry into thy bosom's pain,
  Nor would I make thee confidant of mine ;
It is our own, and let it so remain.
  There is a day beyond the flight of time,
When all woes of all hearts God shall reveal ;
Till then our bosoms are their safest seal.

THE SHIPWRECK.

My thoughts are on the dark blue sea
  Where pearls lie deep—
Where monsters hold their revelry
  And high hearts sleep—
Where youth's bright curls are drenched with brine,
  Where wild waves sigh—
Where beauty's bloom and manhood's prime
  Neglected lie—

Where age's hoary locks are torn
  To strew the wave—
Where lowly slave and nobly born
  Find one wide grave—

Where mourners o'er their lonely bed
May never weep,
But fiercest winds above their head
Wild rushing sweep.

See struggling on the heaving breast
Of ocean dark
Yon proud, yon boldly beautiful
And gallant bark;
This moment beating 'gainst the surge
With dauntless prow,
The next—heard ye that dreadful crash!
Where is she now?

That hell of waters yawning wild—
What mortal eye
E'er gazed on that dread scene, unquailed,
Of sea and sky?
The hissing yell of foam-capped waves
In terror driven—
The lurid lightning's awful blaze
From angry heaven!

The echoing thunder, peal on peal,
Bursts on the ear;
The fiend-like blast is swelling still
In mad career;

Heaven's face is veiled in darkest gloom,
While death, fell death,
Presides, the demon of the storm,
And swells its wrath.

Where is the gallant vessel gone
Which late so brave
Buffeted boldly, proudly on,
'Gainst wind and wave?
Still, still the toiling ocean heaves
With deafening roar;
But that proud bark upon her breast
Is seen no more.

Ah! where are they, the gallant crew,
That bark who manned—
That bold, intrepid, fearless few—
That dauntless band
Who bravely 'gainst that tempest strove,
Cheered on by hope,
Where e'en despair's fierce efforts proved
Too weak to cope!

No trace is on the weary waste
Of waters drear,
To tell their fate to wife, to maid,
Or mother dear;

But the rude winds their requiem sing,
And the hoarse wave
Still mourns with ceaseless hollow moan
Above their grave!

TO AN ORPHAN GIRL.

Heaven shield thee, sweet child, on thy wilderness way;
Poor lone-lorn wanderer, how sad is thy fate!
So young and so tender, bereft of all stay,
Without father, or mother, or friend, to protect.

Thou art lovely, poor dove, and my heart bleeds to think
Of the woes which await thee on life's rugged path,
Woes from which thy meek sensitive bosom must shrink,
And which chill the young bud with the cold dews of death.

Oh, I fear thou'rt unable life's tempest to brave,
To meet its dark sorrows, its cares, and its fears;
Thou'rt too gentle for earth: oh! may heaven kindly save
That dark speaking eye from wild misery's tears.

Were plenty my lot, I would shield thee from harm,
I'd be thy companion, thy sister, thy friend ;
For I love thy pale face and thy delicate form,
And I know the rude fate which the friendless attend.

But poverty sternly forbids me to cheer thee ;
O how cruel the mandate, yet must I obey ;
May the friend of the friendless, fair orphan, be near thee,
And guide thee in peace through life's perilous day.

TO AN EARLY SNOW-DROP.

First born daughter of the spring,
Sweet child of beauty bright ;
Modest, pure, unsullied thing,
I hail thee with delight !

Hope's bright-eyed messenger to earth,
First bud of promised Peace,
Proclaiming by thy early birth
That wintry storms have ceased.

Gentle, meek, and tender flower,
Yet boldest of thy race ;

Defying frost or sleety shower,
To blast thy matchless grace.

O! what a lesson dost thou teach
To weak distrusting man;
How eloquently dost thou preach,
Thou fearless fragile one.

At His command who formed thy cup,
Thou startest into light;
Bright as the beauteous star of Hope,
In sorrow's dreary night.

Dear lovely bud, no sunbeams warm
Shine on thy lowly birth;
Still dost thou bloom 'mid cold and storm,
The fairest flower on earth.

O! that like thee, when storms arise
And disappointments chill,
And stern misfortune's miseries
Our hearts with anguish fill,

We might come boldly, firmly forth,
At duty's sacred call,
Assured that fortitude and faith
Can triumph over all!

LINES WRITTEN AT A MARRIAGE PARTY.

I sit and partake of, but inly despise,
Your coarse vulgar mirth and your rude blustering joys ;
For my spirit is wandering in paths of its own—
Oh ! what bliss at this moment were I but alone.

How strange 'mid the crowd that my memory strays,
Like a wandering child on old feelings to gaze ;
Though sad, how delightful to hail them again ;
Oh ! how sweet is the bitter, how pleasant the pain.

One moment I'm bending o'er those I have loved,
Who in life's early morning were wafted above ;
And the next I am soaring through regions of air,
And my sad soul is seeking the lovely ones there.

Or away by the margin of some flowing stream,
My spirit is wandering in fairy-like dream ;
Or on ocean's proud billows or wild dashing spray,
My unfettered fancy is bounding away.

One moment I'm building some mansion of bliss,
Where truth, love, and friendship with beauty may kiss ;
And the next I am sighing o'er some lonely hearth,
Where fair forms are lying in silence and death.

Come, come, ye dear feelings, I'll cherish ye here,
In the depths of my bosom where no eye may peer ;
Far away from the mirth and the joy which surrounds,
My spirit to greet you exultingly bounds.

Ye wild thrilling fancies, so dear to my heart,
Oh ! dwell in my bosom and never depart ;
Nor let me descend to the world's cold ruth,
Ye suns of my childhood—ye stars of my youth.

TO MY FIRST-BORN—SLEEPING.

Sleep on, beloved one, peaceful be thy slumbers,
And bright the visions of thine infant brain ;
Sweeter than the Æolean's sweetest numbers,
Or the soft murmur of some dying strain,
Or aught of joy that ere my heart remembers—
Come thy low breathings. Oh ! may Heaven ordain
That those dear sounds may ne'er be changed to notes of pain !

Sleep on, my boy, the future doth not grieve thee,
Life's withering care doth not distract thee now;
Dream out thy dream of joy—too soon 'twill leave thee—
Too soon 'neath stern affliction shalt thou bow—
Too soon thou'lt find the phantom bliss deceive thee,
And bathe in sorrow's burning font thy brow,
And briny pearls bedew the cheek that's tearless now.

Yes, yes, dear babe, life's thorny path's before thee—
The path which Adam's race must tread below;
And though a parent's heart is yearning o'er thee,
It hath not power to mitigate thy woe.
But thou must drain thy cup—'tis mixed for thee
By Heaven's unerring hand; and yet I know
From that all-bounteous hand goodness and mercy flow.

Then I'll commit thee to the care and keeping
Of Him who feeds the ravens of the sky;
In helpless infancy he'll hear thy weeping—
In manhood, also, listen to thy cry.
And when the scalding brine of woe is steeping
The silken fringes of thy bright blue eye,
He'll bind thy bleeding heart—thy tear of sorrow dry.

THOUGHTS IN A STORM.

Hail, night of storm, of tempest, and of gloom!
I love thy sable hue. How like art thou
To the wild vortex of some tortured brain
Whirling to madness? or the keener pangs
Of a proud, sensitive, and bleeding heart,
Stung to its inmost core by the rude jest
Or wanton mirth of some cold heartless wretch,
Who trifles with its tenderest sympathies,
Freezing the heart's warm current as it flows?
Hark! the loud echoing thunder peal again
Along Heaven's archway, with its lightning glance,
Strong, swift, and terrible. Thou callest to man—
To guilty man: prepare to meet thy God!
A God of vengeance, yet a God of love.
See the fleet lightning glare, like sudden flash
Of reason cross some dark benighted brain,
Which but illumes to show the desert waste
Of darkness all around—and then depart,
Leaving it darker, drearier than before.
O dreadful night; how many are exposed

To thy fierce warfare on the mighty deep,
And tossed like worthless weeds on ocean foam—
The sport of every dark and treacherous wave.
Now the "big rain" falls plenteously, as streams
From some long frozen fountain gush at length,
Or pent up tears which long have lain congealed,
Then gushing, flow with wild resistless force,
Easing the bursting heart and burning brain.
And can ye weep, ye dark tempestuous clouds?
Yes, 'mid the storm, ye pour whole torrents forth,
As if ye mourned the fierceness of its wrath,
And would assuage it with repentant floods.
I, too, could weep with you, and mingling mix
My tears with those full streams which rushing flow
From fountains opened by the hand of God;
Yes, I could weep salt tears for the brave sons
Of Ocean, who have 'mid your fury sunk
In their own element, no more to rise.
Flow on—flow on, ye pitying rains, flow on
And thou, wild blast, sink to reposive sighs;
Unlike the war of man with man, the war
Of elements is melted into tears.

LINES

ON THE FIRE IN THE SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN KIRK, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, 1848.

'Twas Sabbath's holy calm. To Zion's courts
Old Scotia's exiles turned their weary feet,
Tired with the toil, the bustle, and the strife
Of the six days of labour which the world
Claims for its own. That holy day brought peace
Unto their hearts; reminding them of home—
That land of Sabbaths—and their souls arose
With holier fervour to their country's God;
And now from Scottish hearts and lips breathes forth
The song of praise—the sacred melodies
Of Israel's royal bard, which oft before
Had echoed 'mong the mountains and the moors
Of their beloved land. At dead of night,
When heaven responded with the deep-toned bass
Of awe-inspiring thunder, and the breeze
Bore on its wings the odour of the strain,
Once more those sacred strains are heard—once more

Old Scotia's harp is from the willows ta'en,
And strung to gladden on a foreign shore.
'Tis o'er; and now the servant of the Lord
Rises before Jehovah's awful throne,
And leads their meditations up to God.
No ceremonious form of prayer is there;
The wants and wishes of the heart flow forth—
Their joys, their hopes, and fears, rise extempore
To Him who bids them come with boldness there,
To tell their wants, amd make their sorrows known.
The world is for the present thrown aside;
They seem to feel the very ground they tread
Is holy to the Lord—to breathe the air
Of heaven, of peace, and feel that God is near;
When, lo! amid the silence comes a sound;
'Tis not of joy; and consternation strikes
Each heart—they know not why.
Though half they fear
Something has risen to break the soul's repose—
To mar the sacred joy their bosoms feel;
And like their ancestors in days of yore,
When worshipping upon the lone hill side,
Their ears are sentinelled to catch each sound;
And soon the alarm spreads—for ever here
Within the sanctuary the busy hum
Of mingled voices tells the fearful tale—
The tale of fire! alarming to each heart;

But most to those who felt the dire effects
Of that late awful visitation—when
A whole devoted city was consumed
Within a few brief hours, and houseless turned
Upon the world, the mother with the child,
The feeble and the strong—remembrance dread
Bursts on their hearts, and horror fills each breast;
Quick they disperse, and soon expect to see
Their temple laid in ruins. But that God
Who checks the boundary of the proudest wave
Of untamed ocean, said, thus far thou'lt come,
But farther shalt not go. Man used the means,
God blessed them; and the raging element
Was soon subdued; but where, ah! where are they,
Driven from the public service of their God?
Ah! they are scattered like the Autumn leaves—
Some here, some there; a lesson in man's life
Too oft recurring is read to each and all.
As through this wilderness foot sore we tread,
Our eyes are sometimes gladdened with the sight
Of some green spot inviting to repose;
Delighted on we haste, and for a while
We leave the world behind; but soon, ah! soon
Satan assails us with his fiery darts.
Too oft we flee, and leave victorious
The enemy of our souls; despair now fills
The hearts which late were hushed to heavenly peace;

Uncertainty is stamped in words of fire
On all our joys below, however pure ;
Security can only come to man
When he has gained the haven of all his hopes—
The appointed promised rest which waits the just
Beyond this vale of tears ; then let us strive
To gain that rest, and keep the prize in view ;
'Tis sure to all whose humble, earnest faith
Is fixed on Him who triumphed o'er the world,
Sin, hell, and death, and lives to give the crown
To every faithful soldier of the Cross.
Then onward, sons of Scotia ! if ye fail
The fault's your own ; ye have been blessed, indeed,
With privileges above the common lot.
How dread will be your doom should ye resist
The Gospel's call—the spirit of your God.
Onward—pursue the glorious path of those,
Your ancestors, who loved not their lives ;
Unto the death ye have not yet been called,
To strive to blood, resisting against sin ;
But should you be so, there's a rest above,
Far from the petty tyrants of the earth,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er shall wound you more.

ON TAKING OFF MOURNINGS FOR A DEAR DEPARTED FRIEND.

Oh! why should I mourn any longer for thee,
Though from life thou didst hasten away,
And thy beautiful form, like the leaf on the tree,
Has yielded to death and decay.

Thou would'st not on earth any longer abide,
Its pleasures but caused thee to mourn;
Thou hast breasted the waves of that dark rolling tide,
From whose waters no travellers return.

But thou keptst thine eye fixed not on Jordan's dark stream,
But on Canaan's bright promised shore;
Then why should I mourn that, awaked from thy dream,
Thou'rt in doubt and in darkness no more.

O! no, I will weep not, but rather rejoice
That thy days of affliction have ceased;
And that freed from life's sorrows, its cares, and its joys,
Thou'rt arrived at the haven of peace.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

Repose in peace, loved dust,
And mix with kindred clay;
Here nothing shall disturb thy rest,
Till nature's final day,

When that dread morning breaks,
And the loud trumpet's breath
Shall bid the slumbering dead awake,
And burst the bands of death,

When Adam's offspring all
Shall hear the solemn peal,
And rise obedient at its call,
To endless woe or weal;

May you with joy arise,
And join that happy throng,
Who shall receive the eternal prize
Which Christ for them hath won.

PRIDE.

O ! THOU infernal fiend, of giant power,
And bosom dark as midnight's blackest hour,
Whose sable plumes o'ershade thy haughty brow,
Whose red eye flashes with the lightning's glare ;
But, ah ! whose spirit feels unutterable woe.

When first thy shadowy form appeared above,
Where all before was pure delight and love.
How darest thou enter there ? Smothering thy crest,
And hiding in thy dark deceitful breast,
Thy shafts in poison steeped, thou didst heaven's bliss molest.

Awful to think, even there thou foundest a heart,
To which thou couldest thy black designs impart ;
Yes, even in heaven, and in an angel's mind,
Hell's darkest passions could an echo find,
Where pride, malignity, and rage, in awful concert joined.

O ! shrink, my inmost heart, with horror veiled ;
Nor dare to paint the throne of God assailed ;

Behold hell's monarch forth in fury driven.
Yet, while his heart by lightning's force is riven,
"Better in hell to reign," he cries, "than serve in heaven."

There, Pride, thy reign began; thy victims first
Were Satan and his train, those spirits cursed,
For ever exiled to the shades of woe,
Where no relief the fallen apostates know
From the fierce fires of wrath which in their bosoms glow.

O! let me close this scene of woe untold;
'Tis not for me its secrets to unfold;
The dreadful agonies, who can explore,
Of that dark fiery lake where hope gives o'er,
And mercy's gentle voice salutes the ear no more?

Now, turn my sickening thoughts to earth, and trace
Pride's ravage on the first of Adam's race.
Behold the murderer Cain; his hand is dyed
With blood, red reeking, from a brother's side;
Who prompted to the dreadful deed? I answer, Pride.

Yes, Pride; he saw his brother more approved
Of heaven than he; his haughty bosom moved
With pride and anger, could no longer bear
The passions fierce which whelmed him with despair;
He sinned, accursed he fell; but Pride first spread the snare.

The sacred page presents in colours true,
The destroyer of men's souls, unmasked to view ;
See yon proud soldier how he scorns to lave
His leprous limbs in Jordan's limpid wave,
Even though assured 'twould snatch him from a leper's grave.

We've seen Pride first in heaven ; what marvel then
That he should triumph o'er the sons of men ?
That with insidious, unperceived art,
He gains a footing in the sinner's heart,
Which torn and tortured bleeds beneath the poisoned dart ?

Pride goeth before destruction, we are told ;
And oft the sacred truth our eyes behold ;
A haughty spirit also goeth before
A fall—and oft a fall to rise no more—
A plunge in misery's depths, mid guilt's o'erwhelming roar.

I fain my muse would close this scene of woe—
A scene which Pride unmasked must ever show ;
Fain she'd retire—the subject painful grows ;
'Tis painful even to paint another's woes ;
But more, when all unconsciously, we have our own exposed.

I've traced thee till I'm sad, fell monster Pride,
In heaven and earth I've seen thy fearful stride ;

Where else can I expose thee? Ah! there is
A secret pathway which I must not miss,
Where oft thou treadest in triumph, though not oft in bliss.

Alas! for thee, my wildly throbbing breast,
Thou ownest the tyrant's sway; what peace or rest
Canst thou expect? thinkest thou to shun the fate
Which hath befallen thy betters, to escape
The nameless woes which ever on Pride's votaries wait?

Thou hast already felt, though but in part,
His poisoned arrows wrankling in thy heart,
Nor wertst thou proof against them; canst thou think
To brave his fiercer dart, and not to shrink
When thou awakest suspended o'er destruction's awful brink?

Rouse, rouse thy sternest energies, my soul,
And free my bosom from his fierce control;
Resist his power, and bid his empire cease.
Let him not triumph o'er thy ruined peace;
But, oh! stand boldly forth for freedom and release.

Assist me, O my God, the task's too great
For my unaided strength to undertake;
Assist me with thy free and sovereign grace
To spurn the tyrant from his dwelling place,
And from my inmost heart the destroying fiend to chase.

Help me, my God, for 'tis to thee I come;
Thou only knowest my heart, and thou alone
Hast seen its joys, which have, alas! been brief,
Its secret sorrows and silent grief;
And thou, and only thou, O Lord, canst give relief.

THE TEAR.

How sweet to see the warm blush spread
And mantle o'er the cheek of youth;
How fair to view the averted head,
Which in concealing tells the truth;
But sweeter far to mark the tear—
The tear of deep contrition fall;
Those precious drops are doubly dear,
And touch the heart of one and all.

How sweet to hear the youthful throat
Attuned to themes of joy and love;
And dear if pity's melting note
Breathes like soft music from above;

But dearer far to mark the tear—
The tear which falls for other's woe;
Those precious drops are doubly dear,
From feeling's fountain deep which flow.

How sweet to mark the opening rose
Expand beneath our fostering care,
And feel its fragrance as it blows
In rich profusion scent the air;
But sweeter far at opening dawn,
When bathed in dew its form appears;
Unhesitatingly we own,
'Tis doubly graceful when in tears.

And when our young Victoria rose,
Like some fair star to bless our sight;
What heart so cold that did not hail
A virtuous Queen with true delight;
But when the tear, the sacred tear,
Unbidden rolled her cheeks adown,
We blessed her for a pledge so dear,
The brightest jewel in her crown.

Then hail the tear, the sacred tear,
The purest gem of earthly hue;
From the soul's fountain welling clear,
Emblem of heaven's holiest dew;

Despise it not, nor deem it weak,
In this dark world of doubt and sin ;
Even when it dims the manly cheek,
It tells us of a heart within.

THE SEA—BY MOONLIGHT.

'Tis night ; and o'er the dark and lonely sea
Yon glorious orb of light smiles calm and free ;
Unclouded and serene, her lovely face
Shines forth in silent beauty, majesty, and grace.

How rich the scene on ocean's glassy breast,
Where not a breath disturbs her peaceful rest ;
See heaven above, and mirrored heaven beneath ;
Is there a sight so grand, so beautiful, on earth ?

Green earth with all its rich variety
Is tame compared with thee, thou mighty sea ;
Man owns his weakness on thy heaving breast ;
Thy depths are unexplored, thy secrets unconfessed.

I love to gaze upon thy blue expanse
When summer sunbeams on thy waters dance ;

To watch the waves on thy bright surface play,
Like happy children, chasing doubt and fear away.

But more I love thee in the silent night;
Then thrills my breast with wild and deep delight,
When every rippling wave is hushed to sleep,
And heaven's bright queen of beauty mirrored in thy deep.

Here, silent and admiring, let me stand
And contemplate a scene so truly grand,
So beautiful, and yet so dark to me,
So full of meaning and of mystery.

This speaks thy power, thou great Almighty God;
This slumbering ocean only waits thy nod
To burst its boundaries as it did of yore,
And 'whelm a guilty world within its depths once more.

That calm blue breast where heaven's chaste mistress keeps
Her silent vigils, or in beauty sleeps,
Waits but thy power to rise with awful swell,
And sweep at once whole navies in one deafening hell.

Roll on, old hoary ocean! wild, sublime,
Proud, glorious, untamed, untired by time;
Roll on, unchanged, yet ever changing sea,
Thou pathless, boundless emblem of eternity.

But I must leave thee, Ocean, though I fain
Would linger ever by thy blue domain;
Gaze o'er thy glories till my raptured eye
Wept in thine azure depths its crystal sympathy.

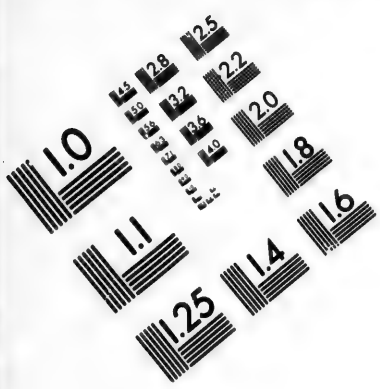
Yes, I must leave thee! yet how fain I'd pry
Into thy dark profound which mortal eye
Ne'er rested on, nor mortal foot e'er trod,
Unknown to all save one—thy Maker and thy God.

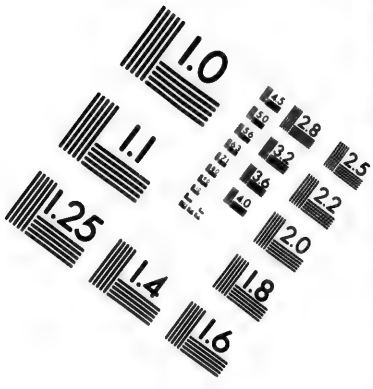
TO MRS. ——,

ON SEEING HER CARESSING HER FATHERLESS CHILD.

I MET thee first in sorrow, when affliction's bitter smart
Had riven from its earthly hold the tendrils of thy heart—
When thy bosom heaved with anguish, and each stifled sigh declared
The war which love's idolatry and faith were waging there.

I've marked thy sad eye wandering across the blue, blue sea,
Stretched in its glory far around "like an eternity;"
Till it brought the feeling o'er my soul, of loneliness and pain,
Of dear departed hopes and joys thou ne'er shalt know again.





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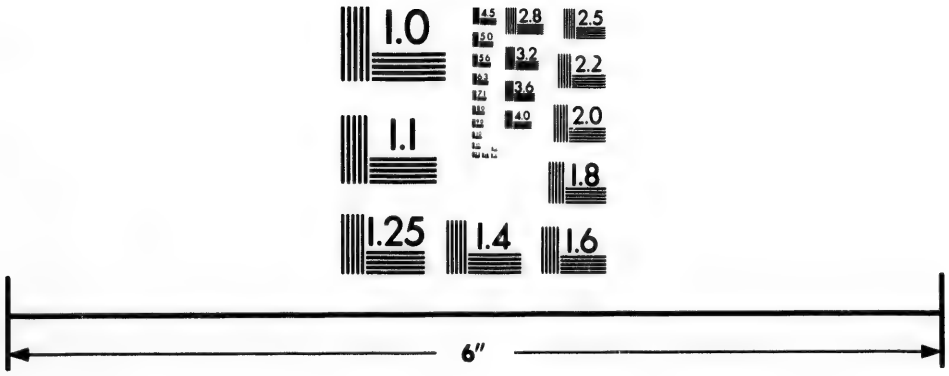

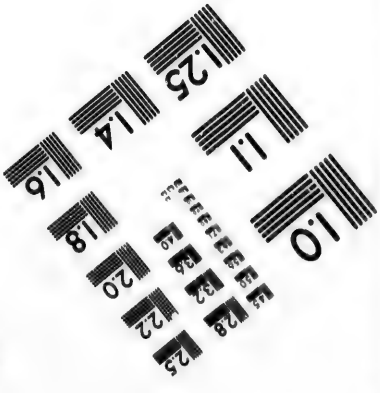

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Oh! my heart has yearned for thee, when thy little prattling child
Strove with infantine tenderness thy sorrows to beguile;
Or with the sweet confiding faith to infant bosoms given,
Gazed in thy mournful face, and said, "her father was in heaven."

'Twas a drop from mercy's fountain in thy cup of bitter gall—
'Twas a spring in sorrow's desert to thy parched and thirsty soul;
And it raised my heart in gratitude, the chastening hand to bless,
Which had not writ thee childless in the day of thy distress.

Now time, the mountain leveller, has with thy sorrow striven,
And another bud of promise to thy bosom has been given;
And I see thee bending over him, thy pure and lovely boy,
With a widow's bitter anguish and a mother's thrilling joy.

No cloud is on his bright young brow, no tear is in his eye—
The merry bounding laugh is his, of happy infancy;
Thou art sad, but he is smiling, for he knows not of thy woe;
O! 'tis childhood's sunbeams sparkling on life's dark and sullen flow.

Like the glorious bow of mercy 'mid destruction's darkening cloud—
Like the hope that cheers the Christian, which the grave cannot enshroud—

Like the faith which gilds a future world where all would darkness be—
So are thine infant's happy smiles, sad mourner, unto thee.

Heaven guard thy happy dreamers from the woes thy soul have known,
And spare them for thy solace still when days and years have flown,
'Till the bourne is passed, the home is gained, and the ties which death has riven,
United meet, no more to part, a family in heaven.

ON BEING ASKED IF I WAS EVER IN LOVE.

O YES! I've often been in love;
Why should I blush to tell?
And though its griefs I may have proved,
I've known its joys as well.

But tell me not of flames and darts,
And Cupid's powerful thrall—
Such chains have never bound my heart;
No, and they never shall.

Whene'er I see a noble soul,
Indignant, rise above
Fashion's enslaving base controul,
Straightway I fall in love.

My heart those rapt emotions own
Which words are weak to tell;
A nameless charm is round me thrown,
Like some enchanter's spell.

And when I see a gentle mind
Which 'gainst afflictions strove,
And still retains affections kind,
Again I am in love.

A holy charm steals o'er my soul,
Like flower by zephyr fanned;
I feel its silent, sweet controul,
Resistless as 'tis bland.

A lovely face attracts my sight;
Delighted I can gaze
On features fine and beauty bright,
And each bewitching grace.

But 'tis the graces of the mind
My heart alone which move;

They bloom so noble, so refined—
I cannot choose but love.

I may admire a lovely face,
But if there's nothing more
The ray departs, but leaves my breast
More cold than 'twas before.

'Tis like the gaudy floweret bright
We hasten to admire ;
Bnt if no fragrance sweet invite,
We instantly retire.

So doth this heart with sickly blight
Such disappointment taste,
When all without is fair and bright,
But all within a waste.

Let those enslaved by beauty's dress
To inward grace be blind ;
Give me a feeling, faithful breast,
As noble as 'tis kind.

These are the chains my heart which bind,
The charms my soul which move ;
The graces of a heaven-taught mind
I both esteem and love.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LAST MEMBER OF A FAMILY.

All gone ! O turn my sickening soul,
  Review these few short years ;
Though deep the gloom, though dark the storm,
  Which dim their course with tears.
It is the finger of thy God ;
  The unerring hand of Him
Who guides the thunder, or upholds
  The sparrow's feeble wing.

He doth not willingly afflict,
  Or grieve the human breast,
Nor carelessly doth overlook
  Our sorrow and distress.
Then, fearless, turn and view the hand
  Which scattered far and wide
" By land and sea the lovely ones,
  Who blossomed side by side."

One smiling girl, with sunny locks
  Parted across a brow
Whose spotless purity proclaimed
  Honour's unsullied hue ;
Whose silken lashes shaded o'er
  The eye of liquid blue ;
Soft, full, and floating in its love,
  And bright as morning's dew.

Her radiant smile, so warmly kind,
  The coldest heart might cheer ;
Her merry laugh, I hear it still,
  'Tis ringing in my ear.
O, can it be the dull cold grave
  Enshrouds that lovely form ?
And must that fair and marble brow
  Be sullied by the worm ?

Ah, yes ! 'tis so, death's icy hand
  Has chilled that noble heart ;
That home of friendship, love, and truth,
  Has pined beneath his dart.
The spirit's fled ; and silent lies
  The cold yet lovely clay ;
While wide the grave's devouring jaws
  Are gaping for their prey.

They laid her by her mother's side,
The first fond tie on earth ;
Sweet thought, that those who loved in life
May mix again in death.
There rest in peace, sweet folded flower,
Till the last trumpet's peal
Shall pierce the caverns of the grave,
And break death's ebon seal.

Another sleeps where "pearls lie deep,"
Beneath the dark blue wave ;
Where none may ever drop a tear
Above her lonely grave.
But she sleeps well ; no billow's roar
Shall e'er disturb her rest,
And all unmindful of the storms
Which plough old ocean's breast.

O, brief was thy career of joy,
Thou early blasted flower ;
But thou hast 'scaped the storms of life,
Which soon o'er thee did lower.
Though far from country, home, and friends,
Thou laid'st thee down to sleep,
Thy lullaby the booming wave,
Thy couch the swelling deep.

Yet, yet it is a sacred tomb ;
O, who that bed would fear ?
No human fiend, with hands impure,
Disturbs the sleepers here.
No idle marble mocks their tomb,
No feet profane shall tread
Insultingly o'er those proud waves
Which wrap the ocean dead.

Another brave and gentle heart,
"The last of that bright band,"
Bowed down by grief in life's young bloom,
Fell in the stranger's land.
Far, far away, where India's sun
In burning glory shines,
The last pale star of all his race
In death's cold arms reclines.

No mother bathed his aching brow,
No sister's gentle breath
Whispered the words of hope and peace
Which calm the soul in death.
No gentle friend, with cheering smile,
Dispelled his sorrow's gloom ;
No wife ; she too had left his side,
And sought the lonely tomb.

He died alone; but no, there was
A firm and faithful band
Who watched him sink in silent woe
Upon that foreign strand.
Their hearts are only hearts of oak
"In danger's dark career;"
And the eye may fill with pity's dew
Which sheds no coward's tear.

They bore him to the stranger's tomb,
That sad and sorrowing crew;
No human trappings feigned the gloom
Which every bosom knew;
Britannia's "union" was his pall.
His mourners were his brave
And faithful comrades on the deep,
The children of the wave.

There let him rest; what matters it
Where lie the poor remains?
Whether within our own loved isle,
Or on India's burning plains;
Or 'mid the caverns of the deep,
Where human feet ne'er trod,
If they have met the blessed throng
Before the throne of God?

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Years have rolled on, yet thou art not forgot;
  Years may roll on, yet I remember thee;
No time nor change can ever ever blot
  Thy chastened image from my memory:
No; for thou art entwined around this heart,
And while it beats thou never can'st depart.

The grave has long since shrouded from my sight
  Those eyes which ever beamed on me with love;
'Tis long since thy pure spirit took its flight
  To mansions bright, prepared in heaven above;
But the calm, sweet impression of that face
Death, or the grave, or time, cannot efface.

No, and they never shall. Since thou wert gone
  I have borne grief and felt affliction's smart;
But, 'mid the deepest woe, thine image shone
  Conspicuous through the gloom; my bleeding heart

Oft felt, O, wert thou here its grief to share,
Even now it could with resignation bear.

Such thoughts were selfish. Thou art happier far;
Far, far removed from sorrow, pain, and grief;
Thou hadst thy share of ills; and I can bear
Thy loss, assured that thou hast found relief
From all the cankering cares which man annoy—
From sin, from suffering—everything but joy.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

O, THOU mighty world of wonders,
Hushed to peace or tempest-tossed;
Calm as infant's placid slumbers,
Or wild as battle's blood-dyed host;
What is like thee,
Glorious Ocean,
In a maze of rapture lost?

What a mighty world's before me!
With what joy my mind surveys
That broad sheet of living glory!
Still I tremble as I gaze;
For the more I
Would explore thee,
The more I'm lost in wild amaze.

Wake, my heart; the theme is thrilling;
Rouse, my soul, each latent power;
Hark the silent anthem pealing
Heaven's blue arch and ocean hoar:
Swell the chorus
To the glorious
Lord, whom sea and sky adore.

Hence, away, earth's prosing measures;
Now my soul has stretched its wing
Over realms of fadeless pleasures,
Where loud ocean's cymbals ring:
Hark the long and
Loud commotion;
Rapture bursts from every string.

Stay, ye soul-enchanting spirits;
Seldom, seldom are ye seen;

Yours are but "like angels' visits;"
O, how "short and far between."
Stay, bright shades,
And gild with glory
This enchanting, lovely scene.

Ah! already ye have vanished;
Swift ye flit across my brain.
Is the heavenly anthem finished?
O, prolong the dying strain.
But ye flee, and
Leave me gazing
On the melancholy main.

THEY SPEAK OF THEE LIGHTLY.

They name thee before me—
A knell in mine ear.—BYRON.

THEY speak of thee lightly; it fills me with pain;
For once thou wert dearest, most treasured on earth;
Yet the world perceives not I share in thy shame,
For they see but the mask—not the spirit beneath.

Though the links of affection are broken for ever,
And the ties which have bound us no longer unite ;
Yet I brook not to hear from the lips of another
The woes which have sunk me in misery's night.

It strikes to my soul like the knell of its doom
To hear that name slighted which once was its pride ;
Though cold is that heart as the merciless tomb,
Which was more to my breast than the world beside.

Yes ; colder than death's icy hand to that bosom,
And dark as the grave were the shadows it cast
O'er the hopes and delights of my youth's joyous bosom,
Which withered and died 'neath the chill of its blast.

I have felt the cold glance and the bitterer smile
Which froze my proud spirit and mocked at its woe ;
And my bosom, though tortured and bleeding the while,
Has riven every link which had bound us below.

But 'tis over, and fain from my memory I'd blot it,
And sink all the past in oblivion's dark stream :
Then silence, dear friends, nor renew the sad topic ;
O, in charity, let me believe 'twas a dream.

TO A FRIEND

WHO SAID HE LOVED ME FOR MY PRIDE.

O do not love me for my pride;
No, no, that must not be;
You must reprove me gently,
And I'll take reproof from thee.

Though no way partial to rebuke,
'Twould flow with such a grace
From thy dear lips, for sure a frown
Would ill become thy face.

I never saw an angry spot
Upon that placid brow;
Calm, tranquil, as when first we met,
I see thine image now.

But do not love me for my pride,
For it has been my bane;
Oft has it froze my heart's warm tide,
And fired my maddening brain.

Even when a child I've felt its pangs ;
A word, a look, has stung
Deep to my heart, and from my eyes
Hot tears of anguish wrung.

'Twas the first sin which peopled hell,
The first which purpled earth
With human gore ; and deep I feel
'Twill work its victim's death.

Yet, O yet, love me if you can,
For the love I've borne to you ;
And when I cease to love thee, then
Turn thou and hate me too.

O! WHO HAS STOOD BY THE HELMSMAN'S SIDE.

O ! who has stood by the helmsman's side,
As the ship sped on o'er the heavy tide,
And marked the furrow of glorious blue,
Which far in the wake the vessel threw,

And felt the thrill of rapture keen,
Awake at the gorgeous, glorious scene,
While the thought of eternity seemed to glow
On the blue above and the blue below ?

O ! 'twas a sight sublimely grand,
With ocean stretched on every hand,
And our bark a fair and life-like thing,
With a heart of oak and a sea-bird's wing ;
And fair, yet frail, as the tiny shell
Which rises and falls on the billow's swell,
When the elements meet in wild commotion,
And fury is writ on the brow of ocean.

'Twas there where my eye delighted could gaze ;
Where my soul was lost in a wildering maze ;
Where my fancy could revel unfettered and free,
'Mong the hidden depths of the booming sea ;
And my ear awoke to catch the breath
Which noiselessly stole as the step of death ;
The whisper of ocean which seemed to say,
God's voice alone will the deep obey.

For oh, there is something we cannot tell,
In ocean's low and heavy swell ;
'Tis like the sigh of a heart too full,
Or some long lost strain we would fain recall ;

'Tis like a soul on the wing to go,
E'er it bids farewell to its home below;
'Tis like pride when surveying contentment's bliss,
It weeps o'er its gilded wretchedness.

I love the chaste moon cold and bright,
And the gemmed and the jewelled vault of night;
I love the moon with its blushing hues,
And the sweet flowers wet with the crystal dews;
I love the lake with its grassy breast,
Like the spirit of beauty hushed to rest;
And the burn's low song has a charm for me;
But O thou hast more, thou glorious sea!

I love the cliffs in their terror grand,
And the heath crowned hills of my native land;
I love the crag and the deep ravine,
And the cairn that tells o' auld langsyne;
I love the spirit of freedom high,
Which glows in the glance of a Briton's eye;
I love the homes of the brave and free;
And I love thee, too, thou unconquered sea.

I love old Scotia's stirring lays,
Which wake the spirit of other days;
I love the sod which wraps the breast
Of the glorious dead who have sunk to rest;

I love the time-worn ruin hoar,
And the cataract's loud and deafening roar;
And the ring of the deep heart's bounding glee;
And I love thee, too, thou sounding sea!

I love the summer serene and mild,
With its low sweet breath like a sleeping child;
I love the hum of the busy bee,
And the birds with their heaven taught melody;
And I love the thunder's muttered growl,
And the moaning winds with their dirge-like howl;
The tempest's breath has a charm for me,
And so hast thou, tempestuous sea!

I've asked my breast, but it cannot tell,
What hath made me love thee so wild, so well;
And oft suspicion has woke a thought,
That I only admired, but loved thee not;
Yes, I have admired thee since childhood's gaze,
First dwelt on thy bosom with deep amaze;
But I've also loved thee, majestic sea,
Great work of a glorious Deity.

I've hated nothing beneath the sky,
Save the dull cold gaze of formality,
And the flatterer's smile, and slanderer's sneer,
And the heart that can chuckle at misery's tear;

And the hypocrite, tyrant, and servile thrall,
I've scorned, despised, and abhorred them all;
And from earth and its false ones, I turn to thee,
And I dare not but love thee, unchanging sea!

THE FRIEND IN TRIAL.

When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.—PSALM xxvii., v. x.

WILT Thou my Saviour notice take,
When every earthly friend forsakes?
And wilt Thou from Thy throne on high,
Bend on my woes a pitying eye?

Wilt Thou incline a willing ear,
My humble cry, O Lord, to hear;
And shall Thy blessed word declare,
That Thou wilt make my soul Thy care?

When those the earliest loved below,
Have proved the source of keenest woe ;
When even a mother's love can turn
To deadliest hate, to bitterest scorn :

Wilt Thou Thy gracious arm extend,
And prove the parent and the friend ;
The parent who will never leave—
The friend who never can deceive ?

Then welcome woe, and welcome pain.
Gladly I'll suffer all again,
With joy I'll kiss the afflicting rod,
If it but lead me to my God.

What though each earthly friend should leave ?
Closer to Thee, my God, I'll cleave,
For Thou, and Thou alone art He,
The brother for adversity.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY READING BYRON'S LAST POEM.

Byron, thy weary head
  Hath found a peaceful rest;
A calm and silent bed
  Now shields thy troubled breast.

Thy mighty spirit's passed
  Into a world unknown,
And thy broken heart at last
  Is silent in the tomb.

O bitter was the fate
  Which dimmed thy well won fame,
And makes the canting crowd
  Speak lightly of thy name.

But thy memory shall live
  In every generous breast,
While thy frailties are forgot,
  Or sunk with thee to rest.

THE EXPULSION.

I CANNOT depart ; no, I cannot depart ;
'Tis cruel to urge me—my sand is near run ;
Then, O let me die in a spot which my heart
Loves dearer than any beneath the bright sun.

I love it, ah ! yes, even its earth and its stones,
Though senseless and callous, are dear to my breast ;
For in times when the blood hounds of hell scoured the land,
Here the meek lambs of heaven found shelter and rest.

O smile not, nor think 'tis the dotage of age ;
Ye are Scotchmen, and surely ye cannot deface
A spot, howe'er mean, which was honoured to prove
To your country's saviours a sheltering place.

Can Scotland preserve with such honour and pride,
The cot where her minstrel immortal was born,
Yet grudge a memorial to those who have died
To relieve her from bondage, oppression, and scorn ?

Though it was not for fame, or the world's applause,
They struggled and suffered by mountain and moor,
They died but to honour Immanuel's laws,
And left us a country untarnished, though poor.

And can we enjoy what their blood has bequeathed,
Yet coldly consign to oblivion their name?
No; far be the thought from each true Scottish breast,
For they shine as bright stars in our annals of fame.

Yes! both Kid and King have here breathed them awhile,
From the hot fiery deluge which purged our land;
And I feel as if Heaven looked with favouring smile
On the shield of its servants; then, O let it stand.

But you tell me you purpose to raise on its site,
A house where to worship the martyr's Lord;
Then, then, I will yield me, lest haply I fight
With the weapons of flesh 'gainst the spirit of God.

And O may that spirit descending with power,
Turn many to Jesus on this hallowed ground;
And if ever a dark cloud on Scotland shall lower,
May her sons like their sires be in faithfulness found.

THOUGHTS ON MY NATIVE LAND.

O NE'ER from my soul shall the feelings depart,
My country! which make thee so thrillingly dear;
They are graven so indelibly deep on my heart—
They are such as high heaven alone can impart,
And as such they shall aye be revered.

Yes, yes! while the life blood flows warm in my veins,
My heart's dearest feeling, loved Scotia, are thine;
And the wild stirring deeds which were done on thy plains
Make me cherish the hope to behold thee again,
Dear " land of my fathers and mine."

Though cold is thy clime, noble spirits were bred
'Mong thy wild heathy mountains, unflinching and brave,
Where tyrants have trembled—where martyrs have bled—
Where the thistle of liberty rears its rough head
In pride o'er their blood-bedewed graves.

O where is the son or the daughter of thine,
Who has left the dear home of their youth,

And forgot, 'mid the scenes of some far distant clime,
The deeds of thy patriot children sublime,
And thy struggles for freedom and truth ?

Who can hear thy name mentioned, nor thrill at the sound—
Who yearns not to hail thee again—
Who treads not in fancy thy covenant ground,
Shedding gratitude's tears o'er the low grassy mounds
Of thy heroes of glorious fame ?

Whate'er be his rank—be he peasant or peer ;
What'er be his wealth or his power,
The muse must refuse for his sorrows a tear—
A wreath for his triumphs, a dirge for his bier,
Or a smile for adversity's hour.

For selfish, unfeeling, degenerate, and base,
And unworthy the blood of his sires,
Is the heart of the Scot who can coldly erase
The emotions, the feelings, the love of his race,
And the pride which his country inspires.

For O thou art noble, my dear native land—
What country may with thee compare ?
Though rocky and bold be thy sea-circled strand,
And thy valleys by few perfumed breezes be fanned,
Yet honour and freedom are there.

Then I'll love you, my country; and ne'er from my breast,
Shall life's joys or afflictions the feelings erase,
For there's pride in the thought that the first breath I drew,
Was caught from a country so noble and true,
And only with death must it cease.

THE EXILE.

An exile turned him from his home,
Where first he breathed life's vital air;
Where sometimes pleasure he had known,
And sometimes woe, too deep to own;
But ne'er despair.

And, as he sees his native hills
Fade into distance from his view;
No tear-drops from his eye distills,
Though his sad heart with anguish fills,
To sigh adieu.

And thus he cries—my Native Land!
How dear thou art, no words can tell;

Though lonely I have left thy strand
Without a friend to squeeze my hand,
Or say farewell.

Yes, friendless I have left thy shore;
Nor one for me will shed a tear;
For some who loved me are no more,
And some are changed, and cold, and are
No longer dear.

And, should I ever hail thee more;
How few would welcome my return.
Or should I sink beneath the roar
Of ocean hoarse, to rise no more,
How few would mourn.

I've often wished it were my lot
To leave thee, O my native home,
And in some quiet distant spot,
Alike forgetting and forgot,
To live alone.

And now 'tis come, the sad, sad hour,
Which fancy pictured oft before;
What shadows o'er my spirit lower,
Wild gushing with resistless power,
From memory's store.

For O, I dreamt not of the seas,
Dark feelings of my troubled mind ;
Nor thought without one single tear,
Those whom my bosom held so dear,
To leave behind.

He ceased, his voice died on the ear ;
But I who knew his bosom's pain,
Drew silent and unnoticed near,
And in a deep sad voice, I heard
The following strain :

The last sacred link to thy bosom which bound me,
Has rudely been severed, no more to unite ;
How deep, my dark spirit, the gloom which surrounds thee ;
O ! how art thou scathed 'neath the merciless night.

Adversity's gale from my childhood pursued me,
And my spirit, though blighted, ne'er bent to the blast ;
But the bosom where fain from the tempest I'd hide me
Has cruelly trampled my hopes in the dust.

Well might I have borne the shock from another,
Yea proudly, indignantly, triumphed o'er all ;
But for thee, my soul's idol, its bright hopes to smother ;
Oh ! it steeps the deep wounds of my bosom in gall.

The last words of affection between us are spoken ;
The last look of kindness between us is past ;
We part, but exchange no affectionate token ;
We part, and for ever ; that look was the last.

That look was the last, but it was not of kindness ;
'Twas deadliest hatred which gleamed from thine eye ;
I repaid it with anguish, with sorrow, and silence,
Too deep to escape in a tear or a sigh.

But never till death will the dark recollection
Of that hour of woe from my bosom depart,
Which hurled back the warm gushing tears of affection,
Like ice-drops to harden my quivering heart.

Be still, my proud spirit ! the struggle is over,
Thou hast rudely been changed, but no longer thou'lt strain ;
Thou art calm but determined, and earthly power never
Shall woo thee to crush thee in sorrow again.

The shades of eve were closing round—
The exile's home was lost to view ;
Farewell, he cried, my native ground,
My dear, dear land, my heart rebounds
At thoughts of you.

Perhaps upon some future day,
Thy exile may his country hail;
Perhaps he never, never may;
Still for a season and for aye,
Dear home, farewell!

TO THE MEMORY OF A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

"And the dead, aye, the dead in their beauty were there,
And the grave had not shorn one loved lock from their hair."
R. L. Malone, Greenock.

Bella, 'tis long since thou hast sunk to rest;
Since the dark grave received thee to its arms;
Since death's cold mantle wrapt thy gentle breast,
And shrouded in obscurity thy charms;
Yet, fresh as yesterday, methinks I see thee,
'Mid thy calm loveliness—thy liquid eyes
Like the mild blue bells of our native valleys,
Dripping with dew, yet looking to the skies,
From whence the deep unchanging blue was given,
To those meek lowly flowers which share the care of Heaven.

Few were thy friends ; yet were these few sincere—
From them no broken friendship poured its gall ;
And there was one who wept not o'er thy bier,
Yet he, the dearest, most beloved of all ;
Like the lone dove, declared that ne'er another
Should fill that heart which beat for thee alone ;
There should'st thou live till death's cold hand should smother
Those deep dear feelings which were all thine own,
Till he should meet thee in that land above,
And spend with thee, a long eternity of love.

How oft my memory ponders on the time,
When thy pure soul to brighter regions fled ;
When even in death my hand was locked in thine,
And when I could not, dared not, deem thee dead ;
And years have passed, and still thy memory lingers
Around me, like some vision of delight,
Which crossed my path, and I look back and wonder
At the undying love I bear thee yet ;
For, ah ! there were no selfish earth-born feelings
In the pure mixture of our soul's revealings.

'Twas first from thee I learned, and learning prized,
The God-like dignity of woman's soul,
Which could forgive, though writhing 'neath the woes
Which broke thy heart, and hurried thee from all

Life's hopes and joys—thou wert a very woman ;
Yes, even to thy tears, but thou wert one
Of noble soul, which stooped to no deceiving ;
Well might I love thee, for I fear again,
In this dark world I'll meet with very few,
At once so good, so kind, so gentle, and so true.

TO A SISTER ON THE DEATH OF HER FIRST BORN CHILD.

Sister ! the wide Atlantic rolls
Its broad blue waves 'twixt thee and me ;
I may not mark thy chastened soul—
I may not meet thy tearful eye ;
And yet, methinks, I hear thy wild—
Thy heart-wrung cry, My child, my child !

Then backward roll a few brief years,
I see thee as I saw thee then ;
Happy and gay, e'er sorrow's tears
Had dimmed thine eye ; I hear again
Thy rich voice in the cheering song,
Pouring its wild deep notes along.

And then, methinks, I see thee stand,
Where late before thee I had stood;
I see thy chosen clasp thy hand,
And vow through evil and through good,
Through life, till death, to be thy stay,
And helper through life's thorny way.

I thought thee young, too young, to wed,
To enter on life's stormy scenes;
For twenty summers o'er thy head
Had not yet shed their golden beams;
But then, thy partner, too, was young,
And hope was high, and love was strong.

Life looked all sunshine and delight,
How prosperous seemed her fitful gale;
Ye deemed 'twas sour envenomed spite,
When sage experience told its tale;
For all was fair, and sorrow seemed
But the wild phantom of a dream.

Now, thou hast felt, how strangely blent
In man's estate are joy and woe;
How quickly pleasure's smile is spent,
And serious tears how soon they flow;
How all our buds of hope and joy
Death's blasting mildew can destroy.

You tell me of your lovely boy,
  Laid in the cold and silent tomb ;
You tell me of his bright blue eye,
  Now sealed in death's sepulchral gloom ;
You tell me not, but well I know,
Of your heart's deep and bursting woe.

I cannot bid thee cease to mourn—
  I cannot bid thee dry thy tears ;
Thou know'st he never will return,
  Thy heart's lone solitude to cheer ;
And, oh ! 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part
With the dear idols of our heart.

Yet, ah ! take comfort, thy bright boy
  Has left a world of care and woe,
And revels in the unclouded joy
  Which guileless spirits only know,
In those bright realms beyond the tomb,
Where sin and sorrow never come.

Think on the woes thy lamb has shunne ;
  Think on the bliss he now enjoys ;
Think not upon the darksome tomb,
  It fetters not thy ransomed boy ;
'Tis only dust reposes here,
And even that very dust is dear.

Lift up thine eyes to that bright band,
  Who throng the bright eternal throne ;
One 'mong that glorious company stands,
  O, recognise him as thine own ;
Yes, 'mong that blissful throng above,
Behold the infant of thy love.

Hark, how the harps of glory ring
  Along those bright eternal plains ;
Hark, how they praise their God and King,
  How ravishing the heavenly strains ;
O sister, there's no cause to weep
For those who in the Saviour sleep.

Now, may I bid thee dry thy tears,
  And look by faith beyond the skies,
Remembering in a few short years,
  You on this earth must close your eyes ;
O, may you wake in light and love,
And clasp your angel boy above.

ON SAILING FOR AYR.

Now, now, for Ayr, the land of song—
The land renowned in Scottish story—
The land where Burns poured along
His strains of rapture and of glory :

The land whose deepest glens and dells
Echo his name with pride and duty ;
The land where Erin's Parker dwells,
And adds new lustre to its beauty.

Sweet Ayr ! there's music in thy name—
No child of song can pass thee over,
For sure in thee the sacred Nine
Have fixed their residence for ever.

O ! how I long to tread thy shore,
Thou land of Bards and bonny lasses ;
Each fairy scene I must explore,
And revel 'mid thy matchless graces.

"The banks and braes of bonny Doon"—
Auld Alloway's kirk where witches gather—
Yon lowly cot, the poet's home,
Famed Tam himsel' and 's drouthy brother.

The pile a nation's voice has raised;
But ah! too late the tardy token;
What now to him's the meed of praise,
Who died neglected and forsaken.

'Tis ever thus with genius' sons;
But hush, my heart, thy dark foreboding,
Thou'rt journeying to the land of Burns—
Romantic land where all is Eden.

ROLL ON IN THY BEAUTY.

Roll on in thy beauty, thou proud swelling main—
Thou wild and untameable sea;
I have gazed on thy glories again and again;
And again thou'st awoke in my bosom a train
Of feelings devoted to thee.

I have loved thee, dark ocean, since childhood's young hour,
When thy glories first burst on my sight,
And my bosom's first grief o'er thy waters were poured,
And thy blue waves have witnessed its first airy towers,
Which like Babel's have ended in night.

With what rapture I've glowed over Hemans' bright page,
When thy treasures before me lay rolled;
And when Byron's bold pencil has painted thy rage,
I have wished me afar where the wild war was waged,
While delight thrilled my innermost soul.

And my fancy's first flight was across thy wild breast—
There I struck the first chords of the lyre,
Which has soothed me so oft when by sorrows oppressed;
And when death calls my wandering spirit to rest,
May I on thy bosom expire.

I shall love thee, dark ocean, while life's warm blood
In thy bosom continues to flow;
I shall love thee, thou wild and untameable flood—
Thou mirror of heaven—till the finger of God,
Thy maker and mine, lay me low.

SUSPENSE.

O hast thou found a peaceful grave,
On some far foreign shore;
Or has the ocean's whelming wave
Thy noble head rolled o'er?
Had'st thou a friend to close thine eyes—
A gentle bosom near,
To hear thee breathe thy parting sigh,
Or wipe the starting tear?

Or did'st thou sink in stranger land,
Unnoticed and unknown,
Amid a cold unfeeling band,
Far from thy native home?
Or did thy comrades on the deep
Commit thee to the caves
Of ocean dark, where mingled sleep
The fearful and the brave

Or art thou leading still below
A wild and wandering life,

Steeping thy manly breast in woe,
In sorrow and in strife ?
O be the dreadful thought represt,
From storm and strife thou'rt free,
For thou hast long since found thy rest,
Whether by land or sea.

TO THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Brave and generous, kind and free ;
Son of labour, hail to thee ;
Well I love thine honest face,
Noblest of a noble race.
Courage, strength, and love combined,
Prove thee foremost of thy kind.

When the night is wild and dark,
And the tempest-shattered bark
Dashes on our iron shore,
Where remorseless billows roar,
Then thou standest in thy pride,
Gazing o'er the angry tide.

When some hapless woe-worn wight
Struggles with the surge's might,
Then thou breastst the boiling wave,
For thy heart delight's to save;
And the faintest hearts that be
Feel a confidence in thee.

Forward then, away—away—
Swift and steady, through the spray;
Thou hast gained the very spot,
But, we shudder, he is not.
Round our hearts there creeps a chill;
Now, deep diver, show thy skill.

Up, thou comest, like a flash,
While the billows o'er thee dash;
But thou mock'st their angry crest,
Strength and courage warm thy breast;
And thou gently o'er the wave,
Leadest him thy love has saved.

Now, thou land'st him high and dry;
Rapture sparkles in thine eye;
Thou hast struggled, thou hast won,
Nature's rough and shaggy son.
Braggart man is put to shame
By thine unpretending fame.

Gratitude, from man to man,
Is claimed and given for friendship done ;
Shame on reason, can it be
That gratitude's denied to thee ;
That man, who boasts a soul, should scorn
The noblest brute his Maker formed.

Blush, proud mortal ! blush for shame,
He has what thou canst not claim ;
Virtues, which thy selfish heart,
In its coldness bids depart.
Change of fortune changes friends ;
But faithful still the dog remains.

Then, if God in kindness sends
Faithful servants, trusty friends ;
Friends, who shrink not in distress,
Nor when crime-stained love us less ;
Think how guilty, in his sight,
If we use them not aright.

Think, how cowardly to oppress
One for whom there's no redress ;
How ungrateful to despise
One who for us gladly dies—
One so noble, kind, and brave—
One whose greatest joy's to save.

O ! by all you hold most dear,
The poor Dog's petition hear ;
If no future life be his,
Why should man embitter this ?
Cherish then the friend which heaven
Has kindly for life's journey given.

TO MY LYRE.

My Lyre, companion of my way
From childhood's earliest, dreamiest day ;
Heart cheering, love inspiring friend,
Sweet solace of the troubled mind,
Who never, never, proved unkind,
Deign with me still to stay.

What rapture have I found in thee,
Sweet, soul subduing poesy ;
When shadows o'er my heart were flung,
Or my proud soul was stirred by wrong,
I've turned and swept thy cords along,
And chased them all away.

How early didst thou woo my heart
To joys which wealth could ne'er impart ;
For childhood's merry days of glee,
When rapture mantled in my e'e,
I've spent a merry hour with thee,
In Greenock's Auld Kirkyard.

When called to mingle with the strife,
The stern realities of life,
To brave a world, how harsh and cold,
Where worth is only weighed by gold,
Thou didst my sinking heart uphold,
And nerve my heart, my lyre !

And when the airy fabric fell,
Which hope had reared, and cherished well ;
When fate disturbed life's placid stream,
And truth dissolved the enchanting dream ;
A sound of joy rung o'er the scene ;
It came from thee, my lyre !

Yes, I exclaimed, then as I pressed
My heart's first treasure to my breast ;
Thou'rt mine, and though the world may frown,
I will never chain my spirit down
To its low drudgery, while I own
One spark of thy proud fire.

What though misfortune crown my path,
I'll laugh at her impotent wrath,
I've that she cannot give nor take—
A soul she ne'er shall bind or break—
A heart which scorns each worldly stake ;
Thanks, thanks to thee, my lyre !

And when fair friendship's cherished tree
Withered and died, I turned to thee ;
I sought thee in my soul's distress,
My bosom's bitter loneliness ;
And thou hadst aye the power to bless
And cheer my soul, my lyre !

In joy and woe, in good and ill,
I've found thee firm, unflinching, still ;
My faithful lyre ! dear gift of heaven,
Ne'er wilt thou from my heart be riven ;
While reason, life, or feeling's given,
I'll cherish thee, my lyre !

ON MY TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Again the year's revolving course
  Has sped with eager haste away;
I see, but 'tis with keen remorse,
  Returned once more my natal day.

Full twenty years have come and gone,
  Since first a helpless infant, I
Was launched time's rolling tide upon
  A voyage to eternity.

Nor have I glided smoothly on,
  But early 'gainst the tide I strove,
While adverse winds have 'gainst me blown,
  And cheerless seemed my sky above.

Misfortune's blasts blew chill and cold,
  Around my poor devoted bark,
While ocean's depths beneath me rolled,
  And all around was drear and dark.

And sunless, moonless, starless seemed,
  My sky where nought but tempests lowered;

But yet there was an arm unseen,
Which led me through life's darkest hour.

O yes, there was a powerful arm,
Which steered my course past reef and rock,
And brought me safely through the storm,
Unhurt by each opposing shock.

And now, another year is past;
Another new year has begun;
And how have I improved the last,
Which is for ever from me gone?

Alas! how idly has it passed!
Though standing on the brink of death,
Unknowing but the next rude blast
Might whelm me in the gulf beneath

I've seen the opening of this year,
But I may never see its close;
Help me to live, Lord, in thy fear,
And with thy gracious offers close.

Then though distress my mind o'erwhelm,
Thou'lt bid each dark foreboding cease;
When Christ my Saviour's at the helm,
He'll lead me to the port of peace.

A REFLECTION.

" Cease, children, cease to weep,
When dust returns to dust;
For God's designs are bright,
And all his ways are just."

—*Inscription on a Tomb-stone in Inverkip Church-yard.*

Yes; bright are thy designs, O God,
And just are all Thy ways;
And high in heaven art Thou extolled,
Above our feeble praise.

Yet, Lord, Thou wilt our breathings hear,
Above the lowly dead;
And Thou wilt not disdain the tear
By human weakness shed.

Here dust returns to kindred dust;
Man's pride and pomp's laid low;
Yet they who have erected this
Forbid our tears to flow.

But, can the eye forget to weep,
  Whose light's for ever fled—
Whose only charm which bound to earth
  Lies with the silent dead ?

How can the lone and blighted heart,
  Whose every comfort's gone,
Forget to mourn the bitter smart
  Which struck the cherished one ?

Ah, no ; affection's voice cries out,
  Affection's tears will flow,
When they whose souls with ours were knit
  In death's embrace lie low.

But mid the agonies of grief
  Bereaved bosoms know,
There steals a holy, sweet relief,
  Assuaging all our woe.

Hope's beauteous sun, serenely bright,
  Is rising in our sight ;
We look beyond affliction's night,
  To morning's glorious light.

Faith's sun shines forth, and chases all
  Our doubts and fears away ;

The night is past, the morning gone,
And now 'tis perfect day.

We see by faith what ne'er could be
Discerned by mortal eyes,
Those friends, "not lost, but gone before,"
To mansions in the skies.

Then there, indeed, we dry our tears,
No cause have to weep,
When they whose very dust is dear
In Christ have fallen asleep.

With firmer hearts life's storms we brave,
In prospect of that shore,
Where those long severed by the grave,
"Shall meet to part no more."

MOONLIGHT.

Hail, lovely moon! thou glorious orb of night;
I view thy grandeur with supreme delight,
As with enraptured gaze I see thee rise
In solemn silence o'er the starless skies.

When sable night stretches her ebon hand,
And draws a curtained darkness round the land,
Thy brightening face appears, a lovely moon,
And turns to beauty what would else be gloom.

Majestic luminary ! proudly bright,
As downward looking from thy heavenly height,
Thou view'st frail man amid his joys and woes,
The midnight revel, or the sweet repose.

While giddy youth joins in the circling dance,
Or eager feast, or novel, or romance.
Or lists to music's sweet enchanting sound,
Or spreads the jest of mirth or folly round,

The lonely captive mutters o'er his chain,
The man of avarice counts to-morrow's gain,
The vagrant roams beneath the curtained sky,
Unseen by all but heaven's unslumbering eye.

The eager student, too, resumes his toil,
And o'er his books consumes the midnight oil ;
The mourner weeps the dear departed friend,
While to the throne of heaven his sighs ascend.

But ah ! there's some enslaved by Satan's power,
Who steal upon night's calm and solemn hour ;

And all the dignity of man resign
To fall a sacrifice to Bacchus' shrine.

O, poor deluded mortals, is it so,
And will you thus caress your mortal foe ?
And will you thus the poisoned liquor drink,
And reel and stagger on destruction's brink ?

O rise and throw from thee the poisoned bowl,
Which kills alike the body and the soul ;
Rise and escape the soul-destroyer's snare ;
Turn to thy God in earnest fervent prayer ;

Confess thy sins, He will them all forgive ;
Tell him thy wants, He will them all relieve.
Pray that he may thy wandering feet restrain,
Nor let thee stray from his commands again.

And rest assured, if thou art but sincere,
That God, who heareth prayer, thy prayer will hear ;
He'll be thy God, thy father, and thy friend,
Thy rock, thy strength, thy guide, unto the end.

TO A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

O ! HAPPY be thy lot, ye youthful pair ;
May fortune own the virtuous and the fair,
Who, joined in hand and heart, together share
The joys of life, and rob it of its care.

May never poverty your home assail,
Nor ever may you feel misfortune's gale ;
But may that blessing from above be yours,
Which maketh rich, nor addeth sorrow's tears.

O ! may your little grot a palace prove
To each, endeared by true and faithful love,
Which kings might envy, and which God shall bless,
Which leads the way to endless happiness.

LET THE RIGHTEOUS SMITE ME.

PSALM CXLI., VERSE 5.

Let him that righteous is me smite,
The Royal Psalmist cries,
And let that man my faults correct,
Who is holy in thine eyes.

Such will be sorry for my sins,
And sharply them reprove;
But, like the Master whom he serves,
He will rebuke in love.

His smiting shall a kindness be,
Nor break my head it shall;
But like a precious pleasant oil
Upon the wound shall fall.

But keep me from the wicked, Lord,
The man who is Thy foe;

Let not the crooked serpent's breed,
Their venom at me throw.

Whose tender mercies only are
But cruelties untold ;
Then what their deadly hatred is,
Lord, let me ne'er behold.

Remove me from their malice far,
And from their wrath me save,
Whose lips with poison covered are,
Whose bosoms are the grave.

Let them not glut their cruel hearts,
Nor glad their savage breast,
By proudly glaring on my sins,
My sorrows or distress.

And whatsoe'er the trials are,
The sorrow or the woe,
Which Thou see'st meet to lay on me,
While here on earth below,

Let them come from Thy gracious hand,
For Thou, O Lord, are kind ;
And do with each affliction send
A meek and lowly mind.

And lay this proud rebellious heart
Before Thee in the dust;
To say, while writhing 'neath the smart,
Thy judgments, Lord, are just.

THERE IS A SPOT.

THERE is a spot unknown to fame,
A small secluded spot of earth;
It boasts no honour, bears no name,
And few would prize it for its worth.

Yet oft at evening's silent hour,
I bend my steps its shade to seek;
And care for neither sun nor shower,
When once within its snug retreat.

Yet 'tis a place which few would choose,
It may do all things but entice;
Still, I its shelter ne'er refuse,
For when in need I'm never nice.

My heart though proud can sometimes bend,
To stoop to conquer is my plan ;
I spare no means to gain an end,
But make the most of all I can.

O ! that I could but say the same
Of all things that I can of this ;
Naught, then, this haughty heart would pain,
I'd have at least ideal bliss.

But ah ! it is the sad reverse,
Which oft with anguish wrings this heart ;
It spurns the cup of happiness,
If mixed with aught its pride to hurt.

Lord, bend this haughty stubborn heart
In sweet submission to Thy will ;
And do Thy heavenly peace impart,
Which with content my breast will fill.

THOUGHTS ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

'Tis past the dead of night ; the solemn hour
Of twelve has struck ; the New Year's ushered in ;
The old departs with all its load of sin.
All, all around is peaceful, not a sound
Disturbs the silence of the calm profound.
Now, let me meditate ; night's solemn hour
Best suits my fancy. Let me now retire
Into the secret chambers of my heart,
And enter fearlessly those regions dark ;
Let me explore them far as mortal may ;
But ere I enter, let me humbly pray
For heaven's guidance through the darksome way.

THOUGHTS ON A HARVEST EVE.

The night is calm, and all around is peace,
Though cloudy seems the sky, still threatening rain ;
The inconstant moon her light oftimes withdraws,
But soon, as if relenting, smiles again ;
All breathes a silent joy—man only talks of pain.

All nature now is hushed in sweet repose ;
The little warbling songsters of the grove
Have to their nests retired, and softly dose
Till rosy morning calls them forth to rove
On buoyant wing, and tune their heart to love.

No sound salutes the ear—earth, air, and sky
Are silent all, and beauty's bright blue eye
Shines forth encircled with a fleecy cloud
Of snowy whiteness ; 'mid the mantling shroud
Of darkness which surrounds, it gleams both fair and proud.

We gaze and we admire, when, lo ! appears
A single, silent star ; it comes alone
And unattended ; yet its presence cheers
The darkening path from which the moon's just gone—
Thou'rt smiling in thy joy, thou lovely one !

O ! how delightful do such scenes appear,
When viewed in company with those we love ;
All then is music which salutes the ear,
And all is fair where'er the eye may rove—
Whether 'tis barren waste or flowery grove.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

How many thousands since this year began
Have been committed to the silent tomb!
How many thousands, too, have entered on
A life, even at the best, of sorrow, care, and pain!

How many happy hearts, which hailed its dawn
In all the pride and buoyancy of youth,
Are cold and silent in their narrow home!
To them the year's return was but the knell of death.

How many bright eyes have been filled with tears,
For friends and kindred torn from their embrace,
Whether bowed down beneath the weight of years,
Or called in youth away to their last resting-place.

How many hearts mourn o'er the living smart,
Whose aspect than the tomb is drearier far;
Its worm eats inward, and the lonely heart
Feels its dark well of woe too deep for man to share.

How many on the couch of pain are tossed,
Who hailed this year in all the glow of health;

How many writhe 'neath penury's iron grasp,
Who then rejoiced in pomp, in luxury, and wealth.

The tide of time rolls on ; wave chases wave
In swift succession down its rapid stream,
Hurrying thousands onward to the grave,
Where death at last awakes them from their fatal dream.

Seasons return and go ; new years arrive,
And some are numbered with the year gone by ;
O ! let us, while they roll, to improve them strive,
Remembering time flies fast, and death is ever nigh.

ON A MOSS ROSE.

I PLUCKED a young and lovely flower
From off its parent tree,
And in all its youth and loveliness,
Consigned the gift to thee.
It was a sweet though simple gift,
And with pride I saw it placed
Where all affection's tribute-flowers
Seem loveliest—in thy breast.

Its fragrance told it was the care
  Of Him who reigns above;
Its mantle was an angel's gift—
  Its every look was love;
'Twas beauty's fair and favourite flower,
  Perfection's darling child;
As sweet a thing as earth e'er nursed,
  As pure, as undefiled.

I knew its days would be but brief,
  Like all the fair of earth;
But I little thought that one brief hour
  Should crush its form in death.
'Tis sad to see the lovely fade
  'Neath nature's mild decay;
But, ah! 'tis agony to see
  Them rudely torn away.

I looked upon that lovely flower—
  'Twas full of promised sweets;
I looked again, but ah! sad sight,
  'Twas trampled 'neath my feet.
'Twas then repentance touched my heart;
  But, oh! it came too late;
Lovely, sweet bud, thy innocence
  Deserved a better fate.

Alas! 'tis often thus in life:
The beautiful and bright
Shine for a moment on our path,
Then vanish from our sight,
And like that fair but slighted flower,
Blossom and perish in an hour.

SEPARATION.

When last we severed, oh! how sad
And heavy was each heart,
As 'neath yon sun's departing rays,
We sighed—We, too, must part.

That bright and glorious orb of day
Still lingered in our view;
Our hearts were full, though not with joy,
Yet we could linger too.

Our morning path with tears was strewn,
And the dark future seems,

That truth with naked arm is come,
To chase away our dreams.

A cloud has gathered o'er our sky,
Our sun has set at noon,
And all our dreams of future joy
Seem to have passed and gone.

But while with doubt and fear oppressed,
Through life's dark vale we rove,
We know this world is not our rest,
We yet can look above ;

Above this weary world of woe ;
Above its hopes and fears ;
Its vain parade, its idle show,
Its sorrows and its cares.

Then let us cheer each other on,
Through life's brief wintry day,
And ask the aid of heavenly grace
To guide us on our way.

And when the solemn hour arrives,
Which bids our wanderings cease ;
May we, redeemed by Jesus' blood,
Meet with our God in peace.

Then in that holy happy land,
Where, grief and sorrows o'er,
With joy we'll clasp each other's hand,
Never to sever more.

ON OBSERVING MY HAIR TURNING GREY.

Ye silent silvery dreaded streaks,
Fain would I bid you hence depart;
Yet stay, your very colour speaks
With warning language to my heart;
Faintly ye whisper in my ear,
Prepare, prepare, for death is near.

Dearly I've loved my own dark locks;
What girl who has not done the same?
And deep my pride will feel the shock,
If they must change their hue so soon,
And make me old before 'tis time,
And grey e'er scarce I've reached my prime.

Ye tell tales of some secret woe,
Your presence fills our hearts with gloom;

Ye silently, but plainly show
  Our onward passage to the tomb,
To that appointed house below,
Where soon or late we all must go.

O that each hair which silvers o'er
  Might strike a chord within my breast,
Reminding me of follies o'er,
  Of secret sins, and errors past ;
Preparing me for death, and then
Your mission shall not be in vain.

ADIEU !

O YES, begone, I will not bid thee stay ;
  The day is come, the hour, when we must sever ;
Nor must I cause thee longer to delay—
  O then, farewell, farewell, perhaps for ever.

Go boldly forth, nor lingering look behind,
  Launch on the deep, and leave your native shore ;
Yet, O remember, with affection kind,
  Those friends you leave, perhaps to see no more.

Let not life's cares affection's tide arrest,
  But sometimes let your thoughts return home ;
Think on your widowed mother's lonely breast,
  Whose prayers attend you whereso'er you roam.

And oft at evening's calm delightful hour,
  When past the busy labours of the day,
Then look with kindness on this little flower,
  Which bids thee not forget those far away.

It may remind thee of thy native home—
  It may recal some half-forgotten friend ;
Its silent voice may echo to your own,
  And if it do, my utmost wish is gained.

Once more, adieu ! I will not bid thee stay,
  The day is come, the hour, when we must sever ;
Nor must I cause thee longer to delay—
  O then, farewell, farewell, perhaps for ever.

TRIBUTARY LINES,

INSCRIBED TO M. S. PEACE BY E. MARKS.

Still pursue thy votive calling,
  Should an arid desert bound ;
As the dew from heaven falling,
  Or seeds scattered wildly round,
Are thy notes so sweet and tuneful,
  Breathing music from the mind.

Not to earth's deep bosom bounded
  Is the wealth most choice and rare ;
By such treasures if surrounded,
  Mine should be a choice more fair ;
Gems more precious—far more sparkling
  Than Potosi's diamond shine,
Should be given as an offering
  To the Muses' sacred shrine.

Should a spark of sorrow's anguish
  Be extinguished by thy song ;

Should a heart that's prone to languish
Be but lightened by its wrong,
Holy then thy sacred numbers;
Still pursue the votive strain,
And the soul which never slumbers
All its rich reward will gain.

Though no glare of pomp and splendour
Wait thy steps amid the throng;
Still my heart must tribute render
To the favourite of song.
Ah! for thee a higher calling
Is on earthly sphere designed;
Still pursue thy votive calling,
Heavenward soars thy plaintive mind.

Not in vain thy wreaths entwining,
Welling from a fount divine,
Sacred feeling thus enshrining,
Votress of the tuneful Nine;
By adversity enshrouded,
Days may pass of gloom and shade;
By the joys of mind unclouded,
Earthly sorrows are allayed.

What would be our weary portion
In this dark terrestrial scene,

If such heavenly reversion
  Were denied us here to glean ;
Dark may be our path of sorrow,
  Worldly cares may intervene,
We from Fancy's pinions borrow
  All that gilds this life terrene.

When the heart is most discordant,
  Still the charm we potent find,
As Nature's aspect, ever varied,
  Captivates the willing mind.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 44—Line 12—For "Israel's" read *Juel's.*
Page 58—Line 12—For "for" read *in.*
Page 18—Line 18—For "there" read *then.*
Page 107—Last line—For "his" read *her.*
Page 113—3rd last line—For "and for" read *and O for.*
Page 116—Canary Bird—Last line—for "and 'twould" read *and I would.*
Page 123—Line 10—For "inhabit" read *inherit.*
Page 125—Line 4—For "her" read *their.*
Page 154—Line 7—For "hear" read *hears.*
Page 161—Line 5—For "who" read *when.*
Page 180—4th last line—For "ever" read *even.*
Page 185—Line 4—For "glare" read *glow.*
Page 187—Line 16—For "I fain" read *O fain.*
Page 193—Line 15—For "my" read *thy.*
Page 207—Line 9—For "to" read *is.*
Page 210—Line 13—For "delighted could" read *could delighted.*
Page 211—Line 7—For "moon" read *morn.*
Page 211—Line 9—For "grassy" read *glassy.*
Page 222—Line 1—For "seas" read *sear.*
Page 232—Line 17—For "thy" read *my.*
Page 235—Line 4—For "thy heart delights" read *thou well delight'st.*
Page 238—Line 3—For "for" read *in.*
Page 238—Line 12—For "heart" read *soul.*
Page 240—Line 8—For "voyage" read *voyager.*
Page 243—Line 17—For "sun" read *star.*
Page 244—Line 7—For "then there" read *then, then.*
Page 245—Line 3—For "a" read *O.*
Page 247—Line 1—For "thy" read *your.*
Page 263—Line 2—For "by" read *of.*